ETCH

vol. 1 no. 3 $0,000,000.00 magazine

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Scott Sendra of Down. Wally Pleasant.

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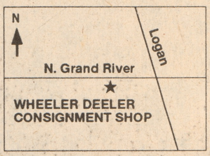

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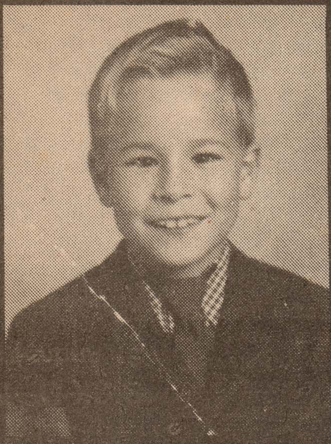
On the cover: John Brannon of The Laughing Hyenas photo by Richard Unhoch



EDITOR'S RANT

It's over. The day finally came when I just didn't care about the one true love in my life and now it's over. Those greedy bastards finally came to their senses and decided to end all of the foolishness that began last August 12th. Well not exactly, this fiasco started back in the mid-1970s with the advent of free agency and the absurd amounts of dough that supposedly intelligent businessmen threw at a bunch of muscleheads (i.e. baseball players). Imagine, gettin' paid a bucket full of cabbage to play baseball. Remember, to play baseball. So the players got all weepy 'cause instead o' gettin' 3.8 million samolians for hittin' .237, they're gettin' a paltry $2.2 mil. Think about it. They're winnin' the Lotto every summer for doin' their "jobs" roughly 20-odd percent of the time, while the most successful in their field do their jobs only 30-35 percent. Hell, starting pitchers only work every 5 days. Who could be so lucky?

I love baseball, I always have but now...I was actually hopin' that the replacement players would o' got a legitimate chance to play. The exhibition games I saw weren't the best played games, they were the first that I can remember, that players in major league unis were playing with passion 'cause they realized just how lucky they were. That to me was/is what the game is all about. Kids don't aspire to be millionaires, they dream about winnin' the World Series. Ken Burns romanticized the game and the characters, idiosyncracies, etc. that make baseball so special, not how doe-re-mi gets plunked down on a bunch o' shmoes who can whip off "a nasty Uncle Charlie."

Yep it's over. And like the return of an unfaithful lover, it'll be many moons before I can forget how much it hurt realizing that my "story book romance" was a sham...play ball.
Norman Zebrowski.

ETCH *magazine*

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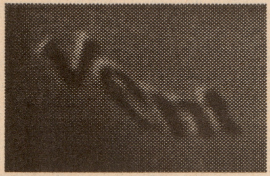

Subject: Freedom of Speech
From: James Simonte
HEY FOLKS!!
Read this - it's important. Act on it too.
Sorry if you already got it.
Simply put, a couple of senators have proposed a particularly heinous piece of legislation titled the "Communications Decency Act of 1995" (Senate Bill S. 314). Basically the bill would subject all forms of electronic communication - from public Internet postings to your most private email - to government censorship. The effects of the bill onto the online industry would be devastating - most colleges and private companies (AOL, Compuserve, etc) would probably have to shut down or greatly restrict access, since they would be held criminally liable for the postings and email of private users.

Obviously, this bill is designed to win votes for these senators among those who are fearful of the internet and aren't big fans of freedom of speech - i.e., those who are always trying to censor "pornography" and dirty books and such. Given the political climate in this country, this bill might just pass unless the computer community demonstrates its strength as a committed political force to be reckoned with. This, my friends, is why I have filled your mailbox with this very long message.

A petition, to be sent to Congress, the President and the media, has begun spreading through the Internet. It's easy to participate and be heard - to sign it, you simply follow the instructions below - which boil down to sending a quick email message to a certain address. That's all it takes to let your voice be heard. (You know, if the Internet makes democracy this accessible to the average citizen, is it any wonder Congress wants to censor it?)

Finally PLEASE forward this message to all your friends online. The more people sign the petition, the more the government will get the message to back off the online community. We've been doing fine without censorship until now - let's show them we don't plan on allowing to start now. If you value your freedoms - from your right to publicly post a message on a worldwide forum to your right to receive private email without the government censoring it - you need to take action NOW. It'll take fifteen minutes at the most, a small sacrifice considering the issues at hand. Remember, the age of fighting for liberty with muskets and shells is most likely over, the time has come where the keyboard and the phone line will prove mightier than the sword - or the Senate in this case.

yours in liberty,
don
Here's what you have to do to sign the petition:

Send an e-mail message to S314-petition@netcom.com
The message (NOT the subject heading) should read as follows:
SIGNED <your online address> <your full name> <U.S. Citizen (y/n)>

If you are interested in signing the petition, I would highly suggest investigating the details of the situation. You can find out more on the Web at: http//www.wookie.net/-slowdog or in the newsgroup comp.org.eff.talk

Down the hatch. JP again

Hey **ETCH**,
I've read both issues of your little piece of shit rag. I think it's unfortunate that so many people could waste so much time churning out such a woeful product. So many things are so wrong with your magazine that it infuriated me to the point I had to write and point out your most serious defects, in some vain hope that you might learn something (dubious at best). So wake up and smell the coffee, faggots, cause here it comes.
1. Commas? Anyone need a few extra commas? Oh, you say the staff at **ETCH** took them all, huh? Save some for the rest of the planet, pal.
2. The layout is the dryest, dullest thing this side of "**Jam Rag**."
3. You guys seem compelled to select interview subjects that no one in their right mind would ever care about. **GRIP, INC.**? **GOD BULLIES**? **KEPONE**? I could go on and on. You know, fellas, there's a wealth of talent in this very state you could choose to talk to, but instead you guys are even more clueless than "**Slak**."
4. Save space, and help us stay awake. DO away with about half of your reviews. Most of these records are products no one is interested in or would ever buy, so don't waste our time. A personal aside to **N. Bates**: Stop. Just stop. Please. The masthead says you're the editor. Stick to editing, my friend.
5. The writing in general sucks. Your reviewers blow, even those who give the right review to good records. "**T. Jack**" takes the cake. "**DEAD CAN DANCE** is **PAVEMENT's** horse connection" my ass. Save it, pal, why don't you go learn to write your way out of a paper bag before stepping into the ring of public discourse? "**C. Fuller's**" San Francisco report was pointless, as are almost all of the "Trip" pieces. **Bates** and his fourth-rate Coleyisms don't make things much better. About the only good thing was that poem about sex, but you could barely read it. Another real good choice. God you guys suck.
6. Let me reiterate. Cut most of your reviews. You guys have wasted enough space on horrible, insignificant records to wallpaper an antebellum mansion.
7. The "editor's dirge" in the first issue was ridiculous. Who do you guys think you're kidding? The only reason you might be talking about something that most people haven't heard about is because it's so bad and on such a small-time level that no sane person would waste a New York minute on it.

Other than that, I really, really enjoy your bullshit magazine. Keep up the good work, and we'll keep on laughing (at you, not with you).

Fuck You,
Gary Butterwick
Ann Arbor

Dear Mr. Butterwick,
On behalf of myself and the staff, we sincerely regret not being able to meet the high standards to which you are accustomed..
Ken Knott

Dear **ETCH**,
Halfass Ann Arbor Barbed Wire Playpen, Nadsat Nation, Morsel. Found an **ETCH**. I like, especially editor's rant. Too much "support the local yokels" equals praising shit equals no one knows who the hell to spend their cash to see. I agree completely. Also like the lay-out. Print is a bit small though, and with three columns, easy to get lost. Of course, slightly sloshed doesn't help.

Enjoyed reviews of **Dave Hill** (same ol' same ol') and **THE ACTIONARIES**. Also liked comments on **WHIRLING ROAD**, because my girlfriend likes them and they bore me. Yeah, so what if **Chris Peters** is an amazing guitarist? He isn't doing anything with his talent. I have to disagree about **MORSEL**. I think their sound is great, and they put on a tight show tonight, but I just don't find their stuff that engaging/interesting. Kinda like **Caspar Brotzmann MASSAKER** "Koksofen"...it's good, it's pretty cool, but do you really want to watch a live performance? Smoking music.

Also slightly disappointed that so few places were mentioned in **Jeff Fike's** "Around Ann Arbor." Even when I lived in Lansing I knew about more cool places than the few mentioned in the article. Probably cut for space though, I understand. **Cat's Meow** and **Bird of Paradise** are essentials,

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Espresso? East Lansing has enough coffee houses, why drive to Ann Arbor? **Amer's** is a great coffee house and they have a full deli. Plus a smoking section! But I'm biased, I've lived here three years now. (Thirteen years in E.L.)

Did anyone at **ETCH** see the **LOW POP SUICIDE/Chris Connelly** show? Was anyone, uh, surprised that the same band that blew us away in '92 at **Club Soda** K-zoo played lounge? I know it had to do with artistic integrity "I'm more than a **REVOLTING COCK**" feelings on **Connelly's** behalf, but he should've known the audience wanted a little edge to the music. He didn't play "July," "Ignition Times Four," "Dirtbox Tennessee" or anything loud. A couple of rock songs and then lounge from **Connelly**, **Tucker**, and **Rieflin**? Bizarre.

Again, great job with **ETCH**! Best of luck!

Sincerely,
Christopher Herdt
Ann Arbor

P.S. Sorry this letter is incoherent. See last sentence, paragraph one. At Hash Bash there was a young man leaning against a tree. He was strumming a purple ELECTRIC guitar. Too many "cool" people.

Dear **ETCH**,

Just had to respond to a certain piece of writing in **#2**. Maybe you'll guess which page. My reply is called:

RITUAL OF BOWLING

- Whosoever be the performer of this ritual it is needful to observe the proper day and hour, preferably at nightfall, or when the waning moon looks like **Brunswick All-Strike Whitey.**

- First the bowlers must adorn themselves in raiment both tasteless and identical, shoes of soft-soled vinyl, saying:

> *"It is not my intent to*
> *become drunk*
> *But if it happens,*
> *drive me home."*

- This being done, place your fingers in the Holy Triangle, making sure to grip your polished ball as surely as you finish off your wife after sex.

- Beat the knuckles of your hand upon the ball return, fumigate the area with **Stetson** cologne and recite the following incantation several times, raising your voice after each recital.

> "If you're going to the bar,
> Wayne, I could use a
> fresh one."

- Women in the building may only work as barmaids, introducing their femininity to the atmosphere through phlegmy hacking and delicate suggestion, reciting:

> *"When I was sixteen...*
> *When I was eighteen...*
> *When I was twenty..."*

- During this, the man may interrupt verbosely with:

> *"You're still a looker.*
> *How bout another?*
> *You keep the quarter."*

- Having thrice thrown a sinker, rotate the fingers above the airjet. If you visualize the wiry champions of Pro-Bowl contests, you will not fail.

- This being done and a 7 - 10 split should follow, place a smallish bet you'll pick it up and before ten minutes create a countenance of damned chagrin. (A baby split may also be used in this drunken gamble.)

- Next the bowlers must make a spirited conversation involving machines or teams or employ, reciting:

> *"The **Pistons** suck.*
> *Fuck those foreign*
> *cars. I'm gonna feel*
> *like shit tomorrow."*

- If a man should bowl over a 600 series, the others should apply commentary regarding wondrous luck, mixed with jocular slaps on the head, back and outstretched palms, chanting:

> *"Who put corners on the*
> *four pin? They must've*
> *oiled the lanes last night.*
> *Been practicing with*
> *your sister lately?"*

- After completion, the bowlers should retire to their work boots, blearily braiding laces together to insure they will retain their surefootedness.

I like your magazine. Although I think one review by a qualified writer is all that's needed per album/show. Otherwise, you might as well be writing a book. One more thing...tell **T. Jack** to get some shut eye from those one-nighters he's pulling - I could play connect the dots with his witticisms. Keep on keepin on with it.

Louisa K.
Northern Michigan

*Louisa, thanks for the great letter! Ever consider writin' for a Midwest music magazine? If so, you'll always have a job with **ETCH**, ed.*

Harry K. Hairy:
Thanks for the review in **ETCH #2**. It's good to know that <u>some</u> people understand.

Thanks again!
Skidd Freeman
East Lansing
(Yes, the chaos <u>was</u> created by one man)
Great mag, Mr. Knott and Mr. Zebrowski!

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Blah

PHIL DURR

Portrait of an American Hero

I was sittin' in my favorite Eastside publican house recently, shootin' the what-have-yous with the other regulars an' tryin' to watch ***"American Gladiators."*** *Durin' the commercial,* ***DJ*** *(manager of said pub), snags my pint glass and lookin' over my shoulder says to one o' the patrons behind me, "Hey rock-star, why don't you snag* ***Bates*** *a beer?"*

"Huh...rock-star?" I say to myself, "I don't see any rock-stars in this joint, who are you talking to, ***DJ****?"*

"You don't know?"

"Uh-uh. C'mon, who are you talkin' about?"

"Jeez, here you are, the editor of a music magazine and you don't even know who this guy is? Right behind you, numbskull. It's ***Phil Durr****, one of the guitar players in* ***BIG CHIEF****."*

"Oh..."

And with that sterling impression stamped indelibly in his mind, I proceeded to ask him if he wanted to do an interview. Imagine my shock when he gave me the green light. A couple days later, we hooked up via Ma Bell an' came up with this.

Name: Phil Durr Age: ? Height: 5'11" Weight: 140 lbs. Eye Color: brown Hair Color: brown Righty or lefty: very right-handed Instrument: guitar Type: Gibson

List of Favorites:

Food: Thai Book: CONFEDERACY OF DUNCES by John Kennedy Toole Play: ? Movie: HARD BOILED by John Woo Actor: Gary Oldman Actress: Julie Delpy Band: FUNKADELIC Job: Musician* Album: MAGGOT BRAIN All time show: That's tough...it's between GIRLS AGAINST BOYS, various SLOT shows, SOUNDGARDEN on their Ultra Mega OK tour, the first time I saw SCRATCH ACID, everytime the BAD BRAINS played with HR, ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN in 1984 Punk rock band: BAD BRAINS with HR MISFITS' memory: their last show ever at the Graystone in Detroit (they beat up their drummer and Danzig spat blood) Painter: Paul Klee or Joan Miro Philosopher: Schopey Mopey (Arthur Schopenhaur) Monster: Gruesome (a Warner Bros character) Cartoon Character: Daffy Duck (the ultimate existentialist hero) Magazine: MOTORBOOTY Beer: Hacker-Pschorr at the brewery in Munich Booze: Makers Mark bourbon Sport: Sega Club: St. Andrew's Hall Club (best on tour): St. Andrew's Hall Club (worst on tour): CBGB's (NY) and Club Babyland (Providence, Rhode Island) Worst band you've played with: various New York noise bands at CBGBs Month: September Bar: Ye Olde Tap Room (Detroit) Substanz (Munich) Smoke: yes Brand: Marlboro Reds Political Party: None in America; A.I.M. President: I plead the 5th Holiday: I don't pay attention to holidays (Day of the Dead in Mexico) City (best): Munich City (worst): Santa Fe, New Mexico City (on tour): New York (US) Munich (Eur.) State (best): Michigan State (worst): Arkansas Country: Spain TV Show (non-cable): SIMPSONS TV Channel (non-cable): PBS Cable Channel: TLC (The Learning Channel) Clothes: t-shirts and baggy shirts/pants Shoes: boots Skivvies: boxers, the longer the better Socks (color): different hues of black Shampoo/Soap: Dr. Browner's Multiple Uses mint Hang-over remedy: A bullet in the head or 5 Advil with Arizona Iced Tea with Ginseng and no food

* The job question (cont.): "I have two passions, photography and music. I chose music. It's still hard. You have to bring others in and that sucks."

Other important stuff:

First punk rock show: NEGATIVE APPROACH / DEAD KENNEDYS at Clutch Cargo's on Elizabeth Street.

Your "punkest" hair cut: current/hat hair.

Your high school/graduation date: Birmingham Seaholm/1983.

Your favorite high school memory: None, I've blocked them all out.

Do you snore? Not that that I know of. Sometimes I talk in Spanish or German in my sleep.

Starsky or Hutch? Starsky

Ginger or Maryann? Maryann, she has more to offer. Ginger wears too much make up.

Herman Munster or Gomez Addams? Grandpa (Al Lewis).

Regis or Kathy Lee? Neither, get 'em away from me. I like Leeza Gibbons.

Carnivore, omnivore or vegatarian? Omnivore.

Paper or plastic? paper.

On to the tough questions...

ETCH: I remember you being in a phenomenal band in Detroit a few (8-10?) years ago called **TOM GEMP**. What I want to know is what made **TOM GEMP TOM GEMP**? Give us some history...

Phil: They started before I joined. There was two of everything, eight players. They came up with really twisted pop music. The name was based on numerology. When **Brad**, the lead guitar player, moved to Texas we got more twisted. Our shows ranged from the completely absurd to completely angry. During our last show we had a washing machine full of bottles...we used watermelons. We broke up because half the band wanted to put out a release, the other half didn't. They were more "indie" than indie rock. The music became a weird epic, **LED ZEPPLIN** meets the **BUTTHOLE SURFERS.**

ETCH: If **DJ** at **Ye Olde Tap Room** (another shameless plug) gave you carte blanche, what would he have to restock the next day?

Phil: A variety pack of single malt Scotch, they've got a great selection. I'd drink that or I'd empty their keg of Pilsner Urquell (Czechoslovakian beer).

ETCH: If you could be any cartoon character, who would you be?

Phil: **Tex Avery's "Wolf"** character, to have my eyes bug out. He also gets to a wear great Zoot suits. I also like **Avery's** "bear/skunk" cartoons. I would also like to have **Bugs Bunny's** self-confidence.

ETCH: Anyone else?

Phil: I admire **Daffy Duck**, but I wouldn't want to be him. I wish they'd quit trying to re-invent **Bugs**.

ETCH: What is your fondest fishing memory?

Phil: I don't fish. I've never done it. The only fishing I'd like to try is fly-fishing but my attention span is too short.

ETCH: What is alternative music to you?

Phil: Alternative music is just another label for bands that clutter up the top (the bottle-neck theory). In the early '80s you had **REO SPEEDWAGON, POISON, WARRANT, WINGER**, hardcore got rid of that. **GUNS-N-ROSES** killed glitz metal, so then the labels wanted **"G-N-R"** bands. When **NIRVANA** broke, it gave a lot of bands hope. Now you have **BUSH, PEARL JAM**...the process is corrupted. The **STONE TEMPLE PILOTS** were originally a ska band called **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG.**

ETCH: What are your thoughts on **MTV**, **Kennedy**, and **Alternative Nation**?

Phil: **MTV** has corrupted the innocence. **Eddie Vedder** equals PR. Even if he is honest, who can you trust? You'd be hard pressed to prove **Cobain**...you feel like his death was a PR ploy. The first **SOUNDGARDEN** EP had a big impact on me. When we (**BIG CHIEF**) formed, we incorporated all of our influences (many different styles). You can hear our influences, but we're not ripping them off. Many bands' influences go back only to 1989, (from) to **SONIC YOUTH** to **PAVEMENT** to **WEEZER**. What's up with **VERUCCA SALT**? They sound like the **BREEDERS**. I love **MY BLOODY VALENTINE** they take **SONIC YOUTH** to new levels. I like **DON CABELLERO** and their "grudge-jazz." I'm cynical about the music industry but passionate about music.

ETCH: Who do you think will be in this year's World Series and who will win it?

Phil: WHO CARES!!! I like the **Toledo Mudhens** because they have a **Mudhen** for a mascot. The only sport more boring than baseball is criquette. I prefer golf to baseball on TV because you can look away and not miss anything. It's very soothing.

ETCH: What are your "two-cents" on the **OJ** trial?

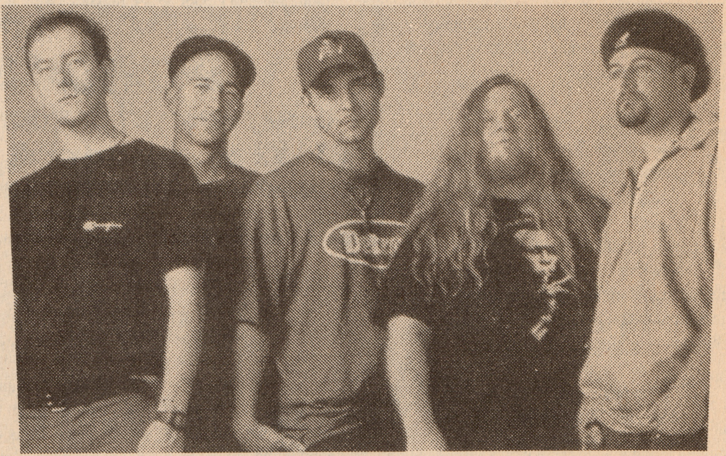
Phil: Guilty until proven innocent.

ETCH: So, some Hollywood movie mogul wants to make a movie about you, who would you suggest to play you?

Phil: **Brad Pitt**.

ETCH: You get three wishes...name 'em:

Phil: World peace, a new suspension for my car, an easy bowel movement and to marry **Christy Turlington**.



Big Chief

"Alternative music is just another label for bands that clutter up the top"

TALKIN' BASEBALL:

A hot-stove chat with WALLY PLEASANT

by n. bates

This past winter I had the opportunity to shoot the breeze about the upcoming 1995 Major League Baseball season. At the time, January 31st, it was still unclear if it was going to be a season with regular or replacement players. All that aside, an' with a touch o' spring fever tossed in, we used baseball to help us get through another bleak January afternoon..

So, who's side are you on in the baseball strike?
I'm leanin' towards the owners a little bit, 'cause I just think the owners are taking a risk. Not all the teams are making money and the players are making too much, they're the highest paid in sports. Baseball is not as popular as it used to be. Football and basketball are becoming the most watched and the players get their heads bashed in.

If Yogi Berra was in a band, which band do you think he'd be best suited for?
Given **Yogi's** physical stature, I would have to say **GWAR** or **CROWBAR**. However, due to the fact that **Yogi** always has had a tendency to say very ironic statements, maybe he could have a career as a spoken word solo artist.

Which baseball player most closely fits you?
Steve Kemp.

If you could pick a team with players from any era, which ten would you choose?
1B - **Willie Montanez** LF - **Ted Williams**
2B - **Frank White** CF - **Ron LeFlore**
SS - **Robin Yount** RF - **Ken Singleton**
3B - **Brooks Robinson** DH - **Dick Allen**
RHP - **Denny McClain**
LHP - **Babe Ruth** Reliever - **Aurelio Lopez**
Manager - **Sparky Anderson**

If you could do a show at any ball park (major or minor league), which one would it be and why?
Either the future Lansing minor league stadium, because I just love this whole community so much (that) I could just kiss everyone on the mouth. Or **Candlestick Park** in San Francisco, so I could tell **Barry Bonds** that he's a conceited idiot.

Your wife Jenny was a ballplayer in high school, do you think you could hit her curveball? What's her best pitch?
She said she actually didn't have a curveball. She played fast pitch softball, so I think she only threw fastballs and change-ups. If never played (fast pitch) softball, I'd whiff. Either that or I'd get hit by a pitch.

If your guitar was a bat, what kind would it be?
Adarondike with a lot of nicks and cracks.

Would you ever let Kathy Lee Gifford sing the "National Anthem" again?
Only at a Lansing minor league game, so we could meet her.

What are your all-time favorite baseball movies and books?
THE BINGO LONG TRAVELLING ALL-STARS AND MOTOR KINGS starring **Billie Dee Williams, Richard Pryor**, and **James Earl Jones**. Enough said. Another favorite movie is PRIDE OF THE YANKEES. It made me cry, plus **Gary Cooper** bore a striking resemblence to **Lou Gehrig** and the woman who played **Gehrig's** wife was a cutie. Please don't confuse this with the "Made-for-TV" movie from the '70s. My favorite baseball books are BALL FOUR (by **Jim Bouton**, ed.) and THE RON LEFLORE STORY. I read it (RON LEFLORE) in middle school and it kept me on the straight and narrow. Another favorite book was BASEBALL STARS OF 1971, featuring **Alex Johnson** and **Hank Aaron.**

Who is your favorite player in the game today?
Too bad **Nolan Ryan** retired, this is tough. I guess I'd have to say it's a tie between **Jeff Bagwell** and **Ken Griffey Jr.** by default, or maybe **Jose Canseco** because he has a 1-800 number.

Who is your least favorite?
Anybody on the **Toronto Blue Jays.**

Name association:
Galen Cisco: Lottery winner.
Cito Gaston: Sit-o down-o.
Gene Tenace: Nice moustache.
Otto Valez: Nothing like veteran leadership.
John Mayberry: **Cecil Fielder** prototype.
George Bell: Nice disposition, too bad he couldn't hit the curve.
Lloyd Moseby: I liked him when he was a **Tiger** for a year.
Jesse Barfield: The first **Blue Jay** "superstar."
Ernie Whitt: He used to kill the **Tigers** and, ironically, he was from Detroit. Kinda like **Coleman Young.**
Alfredo Griffin: Couldn't hit one out of **Potter Park.**
Dave Stieb: The "**Joe Coleman**" of the '80s.
Jack Morris: Maybe if the Lansing minor league team is in the play-off hunt they can pick him up.

At supermarkets they always ask "paper or plastic?," so I'll ask grass or astroturf?
Well...this is turf country so I'll say grass to keep all those turf management majors at MSU happy.

If you had a baseball card of yourself, would it be an "action shot" or a straight photo?
It would be a very posed (circa mid '60s) shot of me holding a bat. **I noticed you're wearing a California Angels cap, any special reason?**
It's because part of me yearns for the Golden State, where the weather is nice and it's hard to find a parking spot.

Who are your picks for:
NL West: Los Angeles Dodgers **AL West:** Seattle Mariners
NL East: Montreal Expos **AL East:** Boston Red Sox
NL Central: Houston Astros **AL Central:** Cleveland Indians
Wild Card: St. Louis Cardinals **Wild Card:** Detroit Tigers
NL Champs: St. Louis **AL Champs:** Detroit ('68 rematch!) **World Series Champs:** Detroit (same result as '68)

Who will win the NCAA basketball tournament?
Massachusetts. Michigan State will be the runner-up. (Boy was he wrong! ed.)

Does the Atlanta Braves pitching staff compare to the Baltimore Orioles' staff of the late '60s/early '70s?
Yes.

Did you cry when Ray Liotta and Kevin Costner played catch at the end of FIELD OF DREAMS?
No, but I cried that new **Pepsi FIELD OF DREAMS** rip-off commercial.

The complete ***Wally Pleasant*** *discography:*
1991 - ***LIVE ON THE AIR*** *cassette only (out-of-print)*
1992 - ***SONGS ABOUT STUFF*** *CD/CS*
1993 - ***WELCOME TO PLEASANTVILLE*** *CD/CS*
1994 - ***HOUSES OF THE HOLY MOLY*** *CD/CS*

FOLLOWING A DIFFERENT DRUMMER

matt sahlgren converses with

CHRIS MARS

***Chris Mars** was the drummer for **THE REPLACEMENTS**, one of the first "alternative," or should I say underground, rock bands to "make it big" and sign to a major. Hailing from Minneapolis, the '**Mats** played loud, fast, drunken, hook-driven rock and roll possessing grit and soul that usually only comes after years of playing and hard living on the road.*

*After the demise of **THE REPLACEMENTS, Mars** signed to **Smash Records** released two albums before that label went under. Now happily attached to **Bar/None Records** out of New Jersey, his new album, **TENTERHOOKS**, will be released April 15.*

Chris Mars

"Green Day? ...give me the Buzzcocks any day."

ETCH: So what does "tenterhooks" mean?

MARS: Well, two things. First, it's a tool for pulling canvas over some sort of frame. And second, it means a state of tension.

ETCH: Does that come from making your album? I mean was there a lot of tension?

MARS: **Bar/None** paid for my new home studio and it took me about a month just to figure out how to work everything...a month to read the manuals and trial and error.

ETCH: How long did it take you to record?

MARS: A couple of months. Doing it on weekends and stuff. Maybe a day off here and there but about two months straight through.

ETCH: Did you do it all yourself?

MARS: Yeah, all of it's me. Well, **Chuck Whitney** played some lead on a couple of songs. and **Doug deGrood** played trumpet on one cut.

ETCH: Are you planning any sort of tour to support the album?

MARS: No. No tour. I think I got enough of that playing with **THE REPLACEMENTS** for ten years. I did do a couple of acoustic shows a while ago...played **Folk City** in Manhattan.

ETCH: What do you listen to these days? What bands do you dig?

MARS: Oh god. I don't know. There's so many...**GREEN DAY**.

ETCH: **GREEN DAY**?

MARS: No. Just kidding. Give me the **BUZZCOCKS** any day.

ETCH: The **BUZZCOCKS** are touring again, y'know.

MARS: Yeah, they come through here now and then. I've seen them.

ETCH: Is it the original line-up?

MARS: Yeah, I think so. Mostly.

ETCH: Do you do anything else for a living? A regular job?

MARS: Well, I'm painting a lot. I've done some record and magazine covers, some sculptures.

ETCH: I've always been a big **REPLACEMENTS** fan. I know you must get this question an awful lot but I'd like to know, why did they break up?

MARS: Oh, god...I don't think we broke up as much as we crumbled...kind of a deterioration over a period of time. I could say I got fired or quit or just left. I guess it doesn't really matter.

ETCH: Any comment on the passing of **Bobby Stinson**? (**THE REPLACEMENTS'** original guitar player whose chemical excesses got him booted from the band)

MARS: What can I say? I think about him all the time. I think I've accepted it, now. He was an incredible guy.

ETCH: Do you see **Paul Westerberg** or **Tommy Stinson** much anymore?

MARS: Well, I saw them all at the funeral. We all get along still. I talked to **Paul** a couple of weeks ago. He's doing a couple of soundtracks and he has a new album coming out...smoking a lot.

ETCH: Not drinking?

MARS: Oh no, not drinking at all.

ETCH: How about **Tommy**? (former **REPLACEMENTS** bass player)

MARS: He's out in LA, I think, recording a new **BASH-N-POP** album.

ETCH: So what do you think of **MTV** and the alternative explosion?

MARS: Alternative explosion? What's alternative anymore?

ETCH: Yeah, I know what you mean.

MARS: I don't watch **MTV**. Every time I turn it on there's some commercial on or **Pauly Shore** is doing some stupid thing. I flick it on for three seconds and give it a chance and they blow it for me. I'm ambivalent about **MTV**.

ETCH: Okay, I've got some kinda' stock questions for you. Umm. If you had three wishes, what would they be?

MARS: God, three wishes? I don't know...

ETCH: Like, maybe "world peace?"

MARS: Yeah, that's a good one. World peace. I guess (President) **Clinton** getting re-elected. And I'd like to find a hundred dollar bill in the street.

ETCH: What's your take on the **O.J. Simpson** thing?

MARS: Guilty. I think he's guilty.

ETCH: Really?

MARS: Well, I'll tell ya'. The thing that did it for me is that **KATO** was there in the house, he let the cops in when they first got there. You know the drops of blood in the house? They said look out, don't step in the blood. The lab said that was **O.J.'s** blood. The cops couldn't have planted that there because they didn't get any samples from **O.J.** `til he got back from Chicago.

ETCH: What if they find him innocent?

MARS: Well, then I think there's something seriously wrong with our judicial system. It's gonna' be ugly no matter what happens.

ETCH: If you were a cartoon character. Which would you be.

MARS: Cartoon Character? **Shaggy** from **SCOOBY DOO**.

ETCH: If some mogul in Hollywood were to make a movie about you, who would you want to play you?

MARS: **River Phoenix**.

ETCH: What if, say, he died and couldn't get him? Would **Christian Slater** be a close second?

MARS: No. It'd have to be **River**.

ETCH: Would you ever be in a rock band again?

MARS: Yeah, sure. I play with some guys once in a while...jam. But we never play shows...not yet. I'd like to do that again.

ETCH: Anything else coming up?

MARS: Well, I'm painting a lot. And sculpting and recording all the time now that I've got the studio in the house. That's great. Not having to always look at the clock and watch the studio time fading away. No pressure.

DOWN

SCOTT SENDRA WORKS ALONE

by C. Fuller

__DOWN__ is a Lansing-based three piece that plays a dynamic style of rock, riddled with subtleties. __DOWN__ has been around for four years in two different incarnations, with frontman __Scott Sendra__ the only member involved with both lineups (since it's his band, I guess that makes sense). Currently, __DOWN__ is comprised of __Sendra__ on vocals and guitar, __Pat Bills__ on drums and __Brian Widdis__ on bass. They've released two singles in recent years (both on __Bonehead, Sendra's__ "vanity label") and plan a third; "Solid State" b/w "Don't Dig the New Breed," sometime this spring. By the time you read this, they will have played just about every major city in Michigan in March alone, but __DOWN__ should be easily seen in upcoming months around the state. Enjoy!

Talk about how **DOWN** writes it's material; how the songs come to be.

SENDRA: The original songs are written by me. The cover songs are picked out by me. When we take them down to start working on them (originals), I usually have a pretty good idea of where I want them to go. Thus far, I've written all of the bass lines for **Brian**, usually because I want him to stick with the guitar part. The drum parts are the most difficult thing, so I leave that to **Pat** and **Brian** (who used to drum), unless it's a worst-case scenario, and I have to suggest one.

So typically you come into a practice session with a solid idea of what a song will sound like. Very little experimentation involved, no "jamming" in **DOWN**?

SENDRA: Yeah. What goes on after that is the songs are constantly picked apart in practice by me usually. It's a prolonged process; we don't have practice and blow through the set, it's kind of a technical thing going on.

But even considering that, it's still not a dynamic process for the band as an entity. it's a dynamic process for you.

SENDRA: Yeah. **Brian** has pretty much no leeway at all. He's never raised an objection. He learned to play the bass for this band. It's not like he has some other vision of how it should be done. He's never said "No, that's the wrong way."

Is your approach to songwriting a reaction to past band experiences where there was more than one decision maker involved with the creative process (like **SNAKE RIVER**, **Scott's** much-missed love-rock band from the late '80s)?

SENDRA: It was a conscious choice with this band from the outset. They were told how it was going to be, and people were asked to join with that consideration in mind (i.e. they could work with that).

With that in mind, do you really feel it's a band, or is it guys backing a solo project? It may not matter, but I'm interested in differing perspectives on this.

SENDRA: I always think of it as a band. The nice part about the way **DOWN** works is there's no power struggle, which bogs down many bands. **Brian** has a pretty good understanding of what the band's about. Sometimes, I think **DOWN** is outside of **Pat's** frame of reference.

How so?

d o w n

"When you do a lot of self-parody, as we do, people don't get the joke all that often."

SENDRA: He was never into punk. It's not something he really understands. He's just coming from a different place. So sometimes, it's a matter of him unlearning all that stuff.

Do you think people get the humor involved with **DOWN** (they've done mock flyers for gigs that never happened, put a virtually unrecognizable negative of **Ty Cobb** on one of their 7" covers, dressed up for Halloween, etc.)?

SENDRA: I don't think very many people do. The flyers actually irritated some people who had been wanting us to play. The first 7" was **Ty Cobb's** negative on the cover. That was a reference to my dictatorial nature at the time; he was like a role model. When you do a lot of self-parody, as we do, people don't get the joke all that often. It's supposed to be funny (like the costumes on Halloween), but sometimes it just doesn't connect.

You seem to have a preference for lo-fi recording technique. Is that a critical facet of **DOWN'S** sound, or has it been more a function of economic necessity. In other words, could you imagine a "well-recorded" **DOWN**?

SENDRA: It's a tough point. It's something we spent a lot of time trying to figure out before recording our new single. For the old lineup, it was pretty easy to decide, because we tried it out and it worked for us. It's never been something that just jumped up out of the blue. It's something I had been working with for a long time. I always had a really crappy stereo, and records I produced always sounded better on my stereo than on anyone else's. Now, we recorded in a 16-track studio, and by the time I was done mixing, it sounded like a 4-track recording. It has to be that way for us, it's that much a part of the sound now.

Do you think it's easier for a band at your level to progress than it was five or ten years ago. Is it more difficult to move independent records now (particularly 7"s, which is what **DOWN** and **Bonehead** have done exclusively to this point)?

SENDRA: It's easier to play, but it's a function of who you know. Being around for a while, you get to know more people, and that leads to an easier time in getting shows. The guy booking a club is someone you know, you're not coming in off the street. But even six months ago, it was incredibly difficult for us. As for records, the first 7"s I did were fairly easy to sell. Now, I have no idea whether we'll be able to sell any of the new one. It used to be that, if you got some good reviews and decent distribution, you could sell a lot of records. With the second **DOWN** 7", I pressed 300 and I still have 40 or so left. The glut in the market makes it harder. Fringe people don't have record players anymore; they won't buy a record as a novelty or a souvenir.

I have to remind myself of that all the time, that there are people who have never owned a record player buying music now. It's just so far outside my own frame of reference. What makes **DOWN** worth seeing and hearing?

SENDRA: Worth seeing is easier, because that's what we've been concentrating on recently. Believe it or not, there is a level of showmanship involved with **DOWN**. Lots of bands around here put on great shows in town, but when they go out they get scared and think "We've got to play well" which takes away what made them interesting in the first place. Little things like the costumes, or knocking over drums at the end of a set stick with people. You don't remember the songs a month later, but people will talk about other things that happened during the set.

Worth hearing is a tough thing to know, because it's tough to ever really know how you're doing.

When you say it's hard to know if it's worthwhile, how much of whether a show is successful to you or not is dependent upon the crowd reaction, or is self-satisfaction enough?

SENDRA: We can be satisfied sometimes even if the crowd isn't. We did that in Ypsilanti recently. We pulled out all of our slowest songs, and we played well, but we knew we were boring them to death. I was just in a bad mood. I had a bad feeling about the whole show, even beforehand. We're cognizant of not overplaying to the crowd, because you can get burnt out on your own material really quickly if you're not careful. That's why we try not to play out as much as some other bands. At this point, we'd like to think all our friends would still come check out a show we're playing, because they're not sick of us yet. We try to wait for the right opportunities in town. That's why we're not ready to quit yet, we haven't reached that level of frustration that can set in when you do that. We're starting to play in the Detroit/Ann Arbor area a lot now, and we're going to have to be careful about that.

Do you personally derive more satisfaction from the mental aspect of writing songs or the physical release of playing?

SENDRA: Playing. They're both cathartic, but you can't throw anything in your own house. You'd have to clean up after yourself. That's the saddest thing, we're still at the stage where if we break things at a show, I have to come out five minutes later and clean it up; pack up the guitar, grab the cords, etc. I shouldn't be seen doing that.

Since we agree that **DOWN'S** sound is simple in terms of it's complexity, would you say that's a virtue?

SENDRA: Musicianship, as far as learning how to play something and having to implement it in a song, is to be avoided. If you keep it simple, there's less of a temptation to do that. I actually think we work harder on our songs than most bands that can "play." We have to find ways to make it work, so even small things that would be insignificant to most bands, because they can gloss it over by playing, are important to us. No one in **DOWN** can really play that well. We have to try that much harder to get the songs to work. The process we have to go through forces us to look at different solutions to get it right. We pick our songs apart; closely examine them in a fairly rigorous way to see what's working and what's not.

CHOKEBORE:

AmRep's Latest Pop Sensations

by Amy Surdu

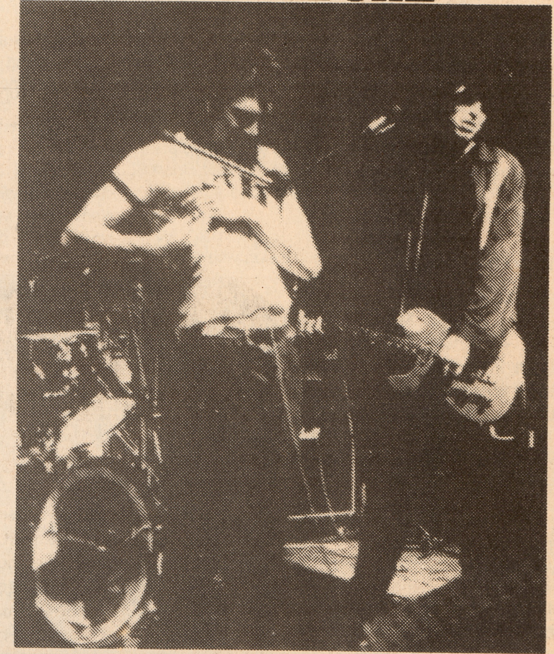
*Originally from Hawaii, **CHOKEBORE** is **James Kroll**-bass; **Jon Kroll**-guitar; **Troy**-vocals; and **Jungleboy** on drums. Recently after a **COWS/CHOKEBORE** extravaganza, we had a chance to speak to **Jon Kroll** about a number of topics near an' dear to his heart. So without further adieu...*

> "Terrorism is interesting to me because it's people refusing to accept things the way they are." - Jon Kroll

ETCH: How long have you played?
JK: 11 years.
ETCH: Do you play anything else?
JK; Sure, half-assedly.
ETCH: You're all original **CHOKEBORE** members?
JK: Yeah, we formed in Honolulu, Hawaii. Now I'm living in Los Angeles.
ETCH: How did you start off in Hawaii?
JK: Well, my brother and I were in bands together a lot. (Our) drummer's a native, **Troy's** mom is a teacher, guess that allowed for him to be in Hawaii.
ETCH: You're originally from?
JK: Milwaukee, Indiana. My mom wanted to leave the Midwest, so she presented my brother, sister and I with a list of "potential" spots to move to...Hawaii was one, we picked that.
ETCH: What was it like there?
JK: Where?
ETCH: Hawaii, being young in Hawaii?
JK: Well, I remember then, it was that you'd get beat up for being "punk rock." Now, all of a sudden, it's okay. The natives are cool with it, although they may not necessarily listen to it. It's like they went from rock-n-roll to reggae.
ETCH: What were you listening to at, let's say, age 13? Punk rock?
JK: Well, I got bored of rock-n-roll...I suppose I was around 11 or 12. Around 13? Yeah, punk rock.
ETCH: What do you remeber listening to that kind of pulled you out of rock-n-roll staleness?
JK: Old **BLACK FLAG**.
ETCH: How long have you been playing out with (the) **COWS**?
JK: This is our third date. We started in Chicago. Should be a three month thing.
ETCH: Then...
JK: Then what?
ETCH: What can you see yourself doing in ten years?
JK: My main goal is not to have a real job. Trying to stay away from that.
ETCH: So you're following the natural route of the slacker?
JK: NO. NOT slacker at all. I work very hard at what I do.
ETCH: What are you listening to right now?
JK: Um...**Satie** (puzzled look from the author), he's a pianist? Well, I don't have much money. Plus, I prefer to pick one thing and obsess on that. **Satie's** very complex without being really...really complicated, if you know what I mean. He writes some faster contemporary stuff and some slower...I'm listening to the latter, over and over. And **JOY DIVISION**.
ETCH: What about terrorism attracts you?
JK: Terrorism is interesting to me because it's people refusing to accept things the way they are. They are doing something. **ETCH**: Action is more interesting than talk. Everyone talks.
JK: Yeah. But understanding people - what they are actually saying - can be frustrating. I, while in Europe...
ETCH: What spots did you favor?
JK: Barcelona and Scandinavia. Two extremes! But what I liked about those places was not understanding the language. I had to return to London since that was where I caught my flight out. Riding the ferry (across the English Channel) was frustrating. I was so relaxed on the continent, not understanding, then to be subjected to people's conversations (on the ferry). I felt myself get tense again. (Almost apologizing) I like things sparse. Sorry this sounds so vague.
ETCH: Vague is alright. (It's) so all incompassing. What's your favorite number?
JK: (Laughing kind of) Five.
ETCH: If you had to sleep with one of the **GOLDEN GIRLS**...
JK: Oh...who are they? The dumb one, the slut...neither.
ETCH: Someone's got a gun to your head. Which one would you choose?
JK: Let's see...Um...whoever offered me the most money.
ETCH: Good way to get cash between gigs?

*After a day off in Detroit, **CHOKEBORE** was back on tour with **COWS**.*
*Thanks for your time **Jon**.*

CHOKEBORE



NO USE FOR A NAME

By Jeff Fike

Given the choice of seeing either the unPC Frank Sinatra with the overly conscientious FUGAZI as his back up band or the PC, yet still $200 a ticket Babs Streissand backed with the offensive boys from mid-eighties misunderstood supposed racists (SPEAK ENGLISH OR DIE), S.O.D., the guys from NO USE FOR A NAME reply in unison "Frank!!". They are on the fifth day, and fourth show of their tour with the OFFSPRING and QUICKSAND. Chicago was a madhouse, and the sound wasn't so good. As we're talking about the sound problems of huge caverns, and how nice basements are, a rock n roll looking guy comes in and tells the guys that the sound at Cobo is just so much better than the place in Chicago.

They figured out that the gentleman was just trying to comfort them, in what will be a whirlwind of a tour 30 more days with around 25 more shows. They've just returned from Australia, and will soon head out on their fourth European tour, a 45 day excursion with GOOD RIDDANCE, another band on Fat Wreck Chords, their very supportive label. When asked about touring, they say they like it, as one would expect. To pass the time between shows, they pick up new comic books - Spiderman is lead guitarist Ed's fave, while drummer boy Rory prefers Wolverine, and singer/rhythgit Tony goes for Vigilante. They all like artist Tad McKeever and artist/illustrator Dave McKeon, of BATMAN fame. When not turning pages, the guys get into Sega Game Gear, and cleaning/fixing their Ford van with bus doors, that carries them to most of their U.S. shows, outside of their native San Jose, California.

Previous albums have featured other guitarists, but it looks as if Ed is here to stay. He met up with the band in a salt quarry. Apparently, the local police weren't too happy with a small gathering going on in the pit, when they came to break it up, Tony escaped, while Ed and Rory got put up in the local stockade. From there on out it was smooth sailing, so to speak. Ed started playing with the band, and hasn't stopped since.

Locals will tell you NO USE FOR A NAME is one of the only bands that matter coming out of the great American west right now. When I asked the guys who they liked from their neck of the woods, HEDGEHOG (a group Ed produced), and the aforementioned GOOD RIDDANCE come up. They mention that they like both the QUICKSAND and THE OFFSPRING too, which is a good thing, cause it's gonna be a long month.

Location Hamatramck - Destination Oceania

By Erik Tschiggfrey

Junkie coffee house dreams and other common beat phraseology found in the old attic steamer trunk of the kielbasa and pierogi nightmare land - Hamtramck. All hail the alternative - all hail the coming of man - all hail the new beginning - all hail the crushed and consequently forgotten cockroach memories of yesterday - the dawn of time is now - the umbrella covering all in a sheltering cup of warmth - the end of snow - is the end of the known world - the umbrella keeps everyone from getting wet - the grime of our forefathers smeared on our gaping faces - dirty nostalgia never to be washed away while under the protective umbrella. We are a stupefied carousel - we are an idiotic ring around the rosy - we are a circle jerk of bad aimed adolescents. We are all circular things that are not mandala - all the round things that Jung missed - is all that we are. Tick tock tick tock. All hail the salty eye.

The dawn of the new alternative beginning - is merely the sunset of a past. Pardon the cliches. Cliches resonate in my head - cliches I tell you all - you cool hipsters - you far out cats - I dig you - I dig the scene. I dig the scene **man**.

"Coffee house dreams and junky nightmares"

An actual line uttered at the Planet Ant Coffee House. Poetry Night. Poetry Night. "Are you ready for a rock fight? We're gonna party all night. Down at the rock fight." It's head cutting time. Whose the baddest band in the land? Let's head to the Roxy and find out.

"Coffee house dreams and junky nightmares"

A salivating line for any who would wish to cut heads with said "poet" who in angst and realization that only those who truly "see" can muster - profaned all discerning ears with the acned bleeding oozy pore picked line "Coffee house dreams and junky nightmares." Any modestly creative limerick would send said "poet" sulking away to ponder the fate of his generation. But alas poetry night isn't the forum where poets meet to push one another to greater linguistic heights. It isn't the forum where the gifted must utter lines that shake the ungifted aware of their deficiencies. It isn't the forum to push the art of written and spoken word to new greatness. No it is none of these but rather it is a lovefest of support and mutual adoration. Bad poems and horrid poets encouraged by hearing equally bad poems and from equally bad poets. Those with talent never seem to disparage (heckle) those who don't. As miserable as the band scene can be - at least some bands hate each other. But poetry is art and the artists of today coddle one another (except painters who thoroughly hate other works and who convey this hate to the guilty artist). The poets and filmmakers might hate but they do not convey. The poets and filmmakers who induce this hate are left unaware. Why oh why? No one wants to lose their audience. Coincidentally the audience and the poets are one - aside from the stragglers who only want coffee or those who are the friends of the poet - the poets and the audience are one. No one wants loss or criticism so the audience **<u>who is the poet</u>** won't insult himself - for fear of loss.

It is the age old and pardon me once again for using one - cliche - to lose what you have is always more painful than to lose what you only hoped to attain. Never is never - but the moment after never is said - the moment after the last syllable is spit - the moment after the last r of never is uttered and never is left with a deepening gloss that makes the word seem less and less real over time. Impossibility is overcome - there is no impossible.

Perhaps we should bless these pedestrian poets - after all, the world needs prophets - even if they are false prophets. False prophets are indeed better than no prophets. Possibly the murky caffeine altered environment has made me lose my normally rosy disposition? Tell the world of the prophets - tell Chicken Little - tell Newt on the Hill - tell anyone lonely enough to listen. Tell them abandonment is at hand. The end of the rope is the end of the rope. Bad poetry can no more fix our sairy state than bad government. Government - phooey - I apologize for even mentioning it - we are too conditioned as Americans to look to government for answers. The French - the Spanish - the Italians - they might look to art and poetry - their roots will allow it. Their roots are not here in the land of freedom. Americans who find answers in art/poetry - who find solace in art/poetry - who come to realization through provocative writing - they are few - they are misfits or "fags." We are all too much the "robot" written of by Colin Wilson.[1] We have become too unaware of our own consciousness. Sleepwalking has allowed too many idiotic intellectual dribbles to make art which <u>does</u> have meaning cease to exist. Horrid poetry night - abstract expressionism - structuralism film - anything goes. Fuck you morons.

University masturbation and small circle affirmation. You twits - you pretentious sniveling twats - all of your select movements - gay art - lesbian art - black art - Hispanic art - black gay art - blind Hispanic Eskimo unidextrious gay art - are all pigeonholed fucking messes. Do lesbian artists ever criticize other lesbian artists? Do the unidextrious Eskimos? The surrealists criticized each other - some even hated each other - Picasso and Braque were at times at best contemporaries contemptuous of one another. You blind unidextrious Eskimos are too tolerant of one another. Your peaceful tolerant community all be it granted for life - we need tolerance in day to day living - is detrimental to art. Art that is shit must be called shit - even if it is done by a fellow minority - by a fellow in the movement. Shit needs to be called shit. It is easy to call what is shit - shit. Andy Warhol is shit. Peter Max is shit. Michael Snow is shit. Gary Snyder is shit. Frank Morris is shit. Maplethorp is shit. Yet intellectual elitists will look with awe at a Maplethorp photo and then robotically massacre television - I never watch TV - the TV is full of crap - they say. A sweeping generalization that digs the knife a little deeper. Granted it is easy for them to expouse because TV for the most part is shit - prepackaged crap. No different to create the right show than to create the right packaging for frozen waffles. But art can occasionally be found on TV! But the intellectual clicks - the shits who make art and artist a dirty word - look for art in the same tired places - in the coffee houses and galleries - in the basement of bookstores. 1957 or 1995?

I shall escape - I await the building of Oceania - a complete man-made country fifty miles off the coast of Panama. Oceania has already adopted a constitution and a set of laws so you know what you're getting into with this country. Discerning readers might notice that this is indeed part of my complaint - looking towards government for answers. I wont lie to you - it is - but after all I have been and currently am - an American. I am inclined to look to government as an answer - albeit in my case the lack of government. Oceania, a floating sea city designed by Sten Sjostrand, "has the distinct opportunity of creating a government from the start rather than being required to revolt and overthrow a previously entrenched regime. The formation of Oceania is a peaceful way towards an ideal." What is an ideal? I don't know. Oceania's constitution has personal freedom as it's paramount concern - which seems to me on the right track towards "ideal." When she floats I'll be there. The bad poets are Americans too. They will probably follow me.

For more information about Oceania call The Atlantis Project (702)-251-7222

Or for those of you with Internet access contact them through their

E-mail address: **<u>alt.culture.virtual.oceania</u>**

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1. Wilson, Colin. <u>History of the Occult</u>

Live

OFFSPRING / QUICKSAND / NO USE FOR A NAME

Cobo Hall Detroit 2/20/95

As open-minded and unprejudiced as I claim to be, and try to believe I actually am, I had some reservations about attending this particular extravaganza of next generation so-called "punk." When I got there I found out that Cobo Incorporated International Entertainment had somehow managed to lose the "backstage and photo list" but they had the tickets. The old fella at the window told me between puffs on a big fat stogie that I could try my luck with the bouncers, but he couldn't help me, beyond the tickets. Needless to say the camera and tape recorder had to spend the evening in the car. Perhaps for the better. **NO USE FOR A NAME** opened up to the semi-filled stadium's amazed cheers. The Cali-punk band played a brand of pop-core, somewhat akin to their local brethren, **7 SECONDS, DECENDENTS, SOCIAL DISTORTION**, and **BAD RELIGION**. With a refreshingly positive attitude, these guys spun power-pop tales of rejection, isolation, and fighting against close-mindedness. Some of the best songs came towards the end and included the **WAILER'S** "Redemption Song", which seemed to strangely fit as a show closer. Every song kept up the pace and excited the mainfloor audience while eliciting restrained enthusiasm from us seat wearing dopes up in the stands.

When **QUICKSAND** came on, and the lights went down, lots of testosterone laden young joes decided to make a break for the main floor, vaulting the 12 ft. wall and trying to elevate over the 5 ft high fence, some 15 feet away. Do the physics and you'll figure out, most didn't make it. The even more testosterone saturated gorillas in the obligatory yellow Cobo shirts did the rest, bashing teeth and eyes kicking ribs and smashing heads on the concrete floor. Oh, did I mention **QUICKSAND** was pretty good, too, less metal, and not as slow as you might expect, all business.

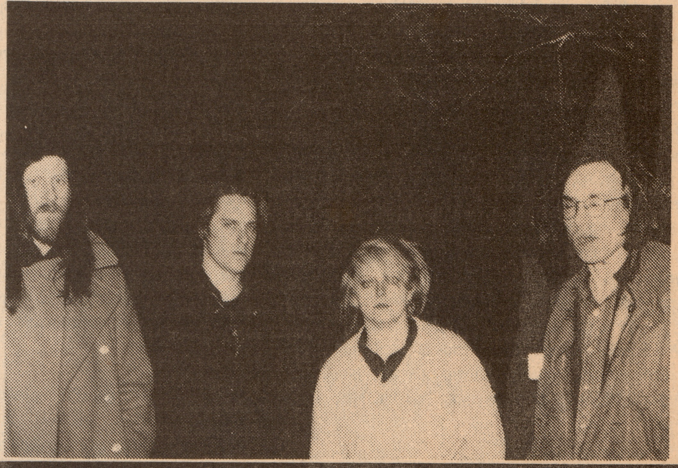
The **OFFSPRING** came on and all the 8 year olds and mall rats went nuts. Flashing lights and fog and all that crap. They played all the hits, and even parodied **WEEZER**, holding up lighters, and so on. It was fun, it just wasn't cool. Fike.

NO USE FOR A NAME

LAUGHING HYENAS / JAKS / UNIVERSAL INDIANS 208 Bailey East Lansing 2/24/95

East Lansing Building Code Structural Report Feb. 25, 1995

1. Plumbing: Inadequate to withstand flushing of large objects (mainly of a personal, hygenic nature). Resulted in bursting of pipes and flooding; complete loss of water pressure.
2. Basement: Flooded due to above. Had positive side-effect of wearing away semi-literate punk rock graffiti on basement walls. Overall; a wash (literally!).
3. First Floor: Floor itself beginning to collapse under the weight of too many "music aficionados." Structural support beginning to weaken drastically; very close to a total collapse. Could have killed passed-out teenager "sleeping it off" in basement.
4. Conclusion: This venerable sight of many forgetable shows, seems to have finally reached it's limit, collapsing under the weight of a little too much punk. **CONDEMNED.** C. FULLER.



LAUGHING HYENAS

LAUGHING HYENAS / JAKS / UNIVERSAL INDIANS 208 Bailey East Lansing 2/24/95

This was a bizarre evening in the town without pity known as East Lansing. Of course, way too many people showed up, thus packing the house tighter than 14 year-old quim, eventually the basement flooded and it was so fucking cold outside I froze my fucking keyoones. The **HYENAS** were present, but after the **Poseidon**-style floodwaters, they began to rethink the entire situation. Who could blame them?!? Homeboy **Chris Fuller** swears to this day that once the flood hit, he saw **Shelly Winters** swim by, her dress ridin' high and her parachute-sized underwear plainly visible to the naked eye. Meanwhile, **John Brannon, Ron Sakowski, Mr. Todd Swalla** and I shared some of what makes this country great, while discussing the latest **HYENA** disc, the extraordinary **HARD TIMES**. We talked about the lame-brained, half-witted review in **SPIN**, which now features only one writer worth his salt, the mighty pensman **Mike Rubin. Mr. Rubin** recently had the good sense to take **Jim Goad (ANSWER ME!)** to task for being the white supremacist piece of shit he is. **Brannon** quietly explained to me that the downbeat nature of their current release comes from actually living the songs. Life is where the inspiration came from. Loss, pain, humiliation, having your heart broken, grieving, these are the dynamics that led to **HARD TIMES**. I respect that, of course I've always respected the **HYENAS** for being true to their blurry vision. There's a million bands out there who whine and complain about how unfairly they've been treated, about how badly they've been hurt, but there are only a few bands who actually live those emotions, and the **HYENAS** remain one of the best Michigan exports.

Their live set that night was truly majestic, something I won't soon forget. Rising above the obvious limitations of the venue, they eventually played in the living room. For chrissakes, they still played the new stuff and some of the old with more heart and soul than most bands can only dream of. Like an old man who methodically, quietly takes his own life in a cheap, rented room with no friends or family in sight, the **HYENAS** provide us with the catharsis we all seek, without having to do the actual legwork. Belly up fuckers. D. Wood.

MICHIGAN TOOTHLESS / THE FEDORAS / BENDER house party East Lansing 2/25/95

Unfortunately, I parked in the driveway, and was blocked in when **MICHIGAN TOOTHLESS** went on (much to the chagrin of **Ms. Skirt Mulligan**, my chaperone for the evening) I got there early, and was happenstance to the patter of the ever growing crowd, forming to see **BENDER** play their brand of **"AmRep**-style" rock. Like the fabled slow boat to China, these fellas played themselves into an apoplectic frenzy whilst the masses hemmed and hawed at the crazy, yet lucid shenanigans of one well-trained ape, **Norman Bates** (ex-**DISINFECT**). I dug it, while downing my four pack of **Vernor's**; the hangover's helper. **THE FEDORAS** played lithe alternative music and great hispanic punk to a crowd itching to hear the wonders of **MICHIGAN TOOTHLESS**. As the nearly human fellows of **MICHIGAN TOOTHLESS** took the stage, you could

almost hear the buzz of "next big thing," "top 40 for sure." This sort of funny talk reminded me of my days with **OHIO TOTFINDER**, a fine band, overlooked by the masses, but revered by those "in the know." Much pity must be placed upon these fine fellows, as they played their damnedest, but were just too drunk to make music per se. Instead, a cacophony of sounds came from the aforesaid basement, and all were satisfied. I left at this time, knowing that I would see **BENDER** again, and hoping never to spoil the moment of **MICHIGAN TOOTHLESS**. Long live the retarded, for they are the master race. Pants Mulligan.

CRANES / IDAHO / DIRTEATERS

Industry Pontiac

Arrived in time to talk to **Mike** of **IDAHO** about the show (see interview, next issue), which he was excited about, due to the presence of the **DIRTEATERS**. We'd both heard about the same: **4AD, HIS NAME IS ALIVE**, really good live,etc. So by the time the **DIRTEATERS** went on, I was anxious to check em out, and they didn't dissapoint.

With a style harkening back to simpler days, with uncomplicated and charming arrangements, the **DIRTEATERS** played a nice set. Highlighted by well placed, somewhat spontaneous noise bursts, they had none of that dreaminess that so distanced **HNIA** from so many would be fans. A good blend of poppy, rootsy, rockabilly styled punky hard rock and good musicianship made me a believer.

IDAHO's style on the other hand, is a little more restrained. Painting musical landscapes and backgrounds, where the **DIRTEATERS** might tell you what's going on, Idaho would be more apt to tell you just exactly what the room looks like, and how the tension, though invisible is perfectly tangible. Quite textural, with two/four/six string guitars, all tuned to different keys, they paint quite a dark and foreboding picture, with the occasional light shining through. It seemed like two completely different shows.

Finally, the **CRANES** blasted onto stage, complete with mammoth light show, fog, the whole deal. The theatrical staging helped build everything up. The music was soft and hard, reminiscent to this reviewer of a more techno/industrial version of **MORSEL** with some of that **NINE INCH NAILS**-type sensationalism thrown in for good measure. I'd heard the **CRANES** 3 or 4 years ago and lumped them in with **CRANBERRIES/SUNDAYS** just because of the lame single I got, now I'm sorry I did. All three bands were excellent, in very different ways. Fike.

BENDER / SPEEDSTICK

Ye Olde Tap Room Detroit 3/3/95

I swear, some day these guys are going to break the sound barrier. Each time I see them live I lose a little more of my hearing. **Ye Olde Tap Room** was alive with the smell of noise. The feedback from various pieces of amplifiers was enough to drive even the sanest of persons to lunacy. I tried to stand there and just absorb the whole scene, but it wasn't long before my entire body was trembling nervioudly from the ears on down. I couldn't even hear myself attempting to think. The whole band was sardined into the **T-Room's** oblong drinking closet, all of about six feet across, and maybe 35 feet back, providing an excellent slingshot for one continuous sheer wave of volume to completely envelop my feeble, and by now vibrating body.

BENDER powered through their earcrushing set, with vox-guy **Norm** trying to sweet talk the besotted audience not to cower in fear for their ears under the tables, and the rest of the band trying to maintain a facade of calmness. Even they were fighting against the deafening clamor. I saw a full mug of beer shake itself to half empty on an abandoned table near the band, which picked up steam with each passing song, building to a climax with a new song and a sandwich of their chart-toppers "Fight the Devil" and "Invisible." Jeff Fike.

THE HAPPY ACCIDENTS

The Impound Detroit 3/3/95

I'd never seen **THE HAPPY ACCIDENTS**, and this seemed like the perfect opportunity. I'd heard a lot about **Dead City Records**, from various sources, and all of it was good. I'd also heard quite a bit about **THE HAPPY ACCIDENTS**, and again all of it was good. As part of the **Dead City Records** Review (all proceeds go to put out a new sampler of label bands, distributed FREE at local stores), here was my chance.

All I can say is that they were tremendous. They've got the thump and pound of an old **SOCIAL DISTORTION** and the get up and go of the early **REPLACEMENTS**, or perhaps their local disciples, **JUNK MONKEYS**, or **HOLY COWS** (a friend recently told me that everyone sounds like the **REPLACEMENTS** these days, but that's neither here nor there). Comparisons notwithstanding, their songs were what hooked me. Original and unique, because there is a difference, fun and pretty well played, with the occasional false start, or botched ending. They opened with a really catchy "Sweetheart" which I gathered was either really new or really old, just cause they played such a hard version, and long too! They played their new single "I Wanna Be Suspected," a great **RAMONES**-y tune lamenting the frailty of public opinion and finished with "The New Me" which goes something like this "This ain't the new me/hope that you like it/this is the one that you get." I'll take it, and you should too, they play out a lot. Fike.

P.S. Kudos to the **Impound** for a) supporting locals all the time and b) offering monsterbeercans at affordable prices. I could only have one, but I'll be back...

THE MAJESTIC MUSIC FEST

The Majestic Theatre Detroit 3/4/95 (featuring BIG BLOCK / ASTROBOY / THE DIRTEATERS / GODZUKI / THE HENTCHMEN / ROCKET 455 / SLOT / OUTRAGEOUS CHERRY / THE VOLEBEATS / DETROIT COBRAS)

God, give me strength. I came, I saw, I believe. Here's the deal:

BIG BLOCK - I missed 'em an' heard both pros an' cons. I'll defer judgment until a later date.

ASTROBOY - got there in time to catch their last two numbers. New groom git-player torched his axe in a wild rock-n-roll cliché, still cool.

DIRTEATERS - next big thing? Nice little musing crossed with some very dark underpinnings. Their lead singer (whose name yers truly forgot to find out - DUH) sounds amazingly similar to **Hope Sandoval**, except she has more emotion (range) than **H.S.** Another winner for **Matthew Smith**.

GODZUKI - cool, except that the acoustics in the **Majestic**, being as they were, it sounded like the band was playing in "space" (Reember? In space no one can hear you...). The best I've seen 'em play. Their high point was their low point, when there was a gittar-smashing tackle atween the two git-players, resulting in a broken Jag. Kids today...

the volebeats

THE VOLEBEATS - a great set from a great band, sound system problems notwithstanding. The harmonies were crisp, the music tight, very catchy. This band is one of the true gems in the Detroit music community and they are sorely underrated. The kind of band I could listen to every week without ever getting bored. **Safe House** will be releasing a 10" soon, so keep an eye out.

THE HENTCHMEN - their usual hot set. These guys are always enjoyable. **Farfisa**-surfgit-pop tones. They're sure to put a smile on yer mug an' love in yer heart. This is the first time I've ever seen their drummer playin' a "real" drum kit. Wow! This is another band that I could watch on a regular basis. Keep up the good work, gentlemen!

SLOT - 'scuse me whilst I dislodge some crow. This band is fantastic. I remember 'em from a few years ago and was never particularly impressed...but now! Complex pop, strong vox, excellent musicianship, tight songs. They made a believer outta me. I still feel like a dope for slaggin' before seein' 'em tonight.

OUTRAGEOUS CHERRY - a nice, quiet, pretty acoustic set (their bass player couldn't be there). Another excellent band. In fact, I loved their acoustic set because it seemed to make their hooks standout even more. This band could probably write great pop songs using a cement mixer. I was entranced by the stark beauty of their music. I hope they become rich, they deserve it. Thank you **O.C.** for being so damn good! Go see 'em the next time you get a chance.

ROCKET 455 - Detroit's "Kings o' Drunk Rock" cranked out some fierce aggro. It was cool seein' 'em on such a large stage, an' they used every inch. **ROCKET 455 = Energy**. This wasn't anywhere near their best set, but they seem to be able to kick it any time they want. I'll give 'em a "B."

DETROIT COBRAS - caught their first song and a half, then split. I liked what I heard, but my ride snagged me, so again, I'll defer my judgment until a later date. Watch for a single on **Human Fly Records**.

The show itself was for charity and raised close to 2K. Congrats to everyone involved, especially to **Mr. Wilson**! n. bates.

SCRAWL / GODZUKI / BLASTER / ADULT NAPPER

208 Bailey East Lansing 3/17/95

Got there in time to catch "Wholesome **John Olson**" an' Co. from start to finish. **ADULT NAPPER** seemed to be sleepwalking through a set o' noise-core. Cacophonies bore me. Sorry **John-Boy**, I wish I could o' get into it more... **BLASTER** - label mates o' **ASTROBOY** (on **Honey King Recs**), churned up some sloppy p-rock. They were a nice surprise. The tunes were punchy-n-thick, the way I like it. All the college kids liked 'em too! (Maybe now I'm startin' to catch on with kids today?...Naah!). Keep up the good work. **GODZUKI** - the band I came to see. They've really forced me to change my opinion of 'em. When I first saw 'em a while back (1 year plus maybe), **Erica's** voice was barely audible, an' their music was somewhat predictable...but now?...They are a hoot! Musically, they've got the hooks and the chops. Catchy, tight, fun. I love watchin' a band that looks like they're havin' a blast whilst playing, and **GODZUKI** seemed to be havin' a riot. **Erica** could be heard by one-n-all, adding to the music an' even smoother edge. Bravo **GODZUKI**! **SCRAWL** - never been a fan. I caught their first 4 numbers, an' guess what? I still ain't a fan. So I skee-daddled on outta there. If you want to know how they sound(ed), ask a fan, cause I don't feel like rippin' anyone today. All-in-all, not a bad show. If it would o' been anywhere besides E.L. (like a club maybe), I'd probably be jumpin' up-n-down, but it tweren't, so I won't. n. bates.

JAKS / DOWN / MOUND / TIGER 100

The Intersection Grand Rapids 3/18/95

TIGER 100 did the same thing they've done the other times I've seen them, which is to fail to get me interested. I hear they're nice kids, so I wish I could say something in a more positive vein, but I cannot tell a lie. Just like last time, though, I will tell you that many people seem to enjoy their brand of entertainment, so see it for yourself by all means. As for me, I will hope that they begin to write some riffs. **MOUND** scared everybody with their incredibly evil set. They were the local boys on the bill, and the Dutch in attendance did seem to embrace **Satan** along with the band. I hear people were "moshing" (I'm not sure what the term means, but somebody told me it was "intense," so I'm sure it's a compliment of some sort) but I think they were not moving of their own free will (remember, **Calvin** was a determinist), but we're merely puppets on Lucifer's string. **DOWN** came out and immediately upheld the fine Lansing tradition of insulting the opening act. This was really a fine set, complete with thrills and chills to delight the entire family. They played hard, which was honestly a pleasant surprise to me, as I don't think of them as a physical band. Short, sweet and to the point, **DOWN** is rapidly beginning to round into an extremely worthwhile band that has fewer and fewer readily apparent antecedents as they go along (in other words, they won't remind you of much you've heard before). Just don't throw things at the animals if you see them live, 'cause **Sendra's** likely to bite back. **JAKS** wound it up with their off-kilter approach to rock. I would imagine there's a heavy **B. PARTY** inspiration going on here, but to their credit it's not worn on their sleeves the way many others have done in the past. The singer (a lady, mind you) was doing an amazing **Pete Shelley** impersonation this night, and that alone oughta be worth the price of admission. This is a good, young, developing band that's worth keeping an eye on, because I've got a feeling that they've got even better material in them than what they've foisted on the world thus far. C. Fuller.

BENDER / G-STRING QUARTET

house party Lansing 3/18/95

I was a little miffed when I saw that the openers forgot to wear their g-strings for the evening's festivities, but they did remember to bring their brand of "alternative rock" for the kids. Though this sort of thing is not my bag, the aforementioned youths thoroughly enjoyed the **G-STRING QUARTET'S** jangly **Velvets** cum **MTV** guitar pop. During much of this, I made myself scarce and viewed an interesting anomaly; a tipsy fat man raking leaves and placing them in a small white plastic bag. Impressive to say the least! Following this, **BENDER** took the stage/dining room and proceeded to quickly alienate the younger crowd, and entrance us elderly fellows. This seems to be a common occurance amongst this "new breed" of **Generation X-ers**, they always exit before the real action begins, but what more could you expect from a generation named after a crappy **Billy Idol** vehicle. Needless to say, **BENDER** kicked the drunken crowd in the nut sack with their loud, raucous rock and roll music. Me, I managed to yet again stay sober and admire the boyish good looks of this rock outfit, particularly the drummer and bass player, **Mike** and **Matt** respectively, two young **Paul Newmans** working their way through both **HUD** and **COOL HAND LUKE**, while pumping out a cacophony of sounds reminiscent of the thumping sound of two dozen pimple-faced pre-teens dry humping under the cold, unforgiving bleachers. I dunno, I liked it, as I had previously, and would suggest that those of you with an itch of taste, would venture away from the stifling East Lansing bar scene and see these fellas in action. Pants Mulligan.

THE DAVE HILL

THE HYPOCRITES / I AGAINST / OLD SPICE / THE DAVE HILL

house party March 1995 Ann Arbor

Saw a flyer for this show, and figure I'd wager a few bucks on what was billed as a "basement punkrock". Well, I hit the lottery. **OLD SPICE** started things off with a high energy set that excited most of the packed basement audience. Highlights of their powerpop/punk hijinks included a cover of **Bob Marley and the WAILER'S** "Hypocrites," dedicated to noneother than the band of the same name. By the end of their set, **OLD SPICE** had audience members singing along to songs they'd never heard before. **I AGAINST**, who play a pretty esoteric and political blend of musical straight ahead hard-core, kept up the nonstop barrage of feverously paced p-rock, and everything was going great. Then, **THE DAVE HILL**. I think that, had the **Dave**, as he likes to call himself, been allowed to perform before the first two bands, or even after **THE HYPOCRITES**, there would not have been so many problems. His goof-folk with a strat thing just didn't fit. It was funny for like a minute or two. Unfortunately, **MR. HILL** continued on for about another half hour, despite the protestations of the previously enchanted crowd. Cigarettes, bottles, cans and insults were all hurled at **THE DAVE HILL**, before he finally left. Not funny, sad. It seemed so late when **THE HYPOCRITES** finally came on, that I wasn't sure if they could pull it off. But, they got set up in about 5 or 7 minutes, apologized for **THE DAVE HILL** fiasco and proceeded to knock everyone's socks off. They play a fresh sounding hardcore infused with the shortness and speed of an old **D.R.I.**, and a musical aptitude of a much higher level. They finished the night off with a medley of traditional Hebrew songs including "Shalom". I felt happy and young again, but still felt a little sorry for **Dave**. Fike.

SICK OF IT ALL

St. Andrew's Hall Detroit 3/24/95

Fuck man! Missed the first two bands entirely again. **DOWN BY LAW** was the first band I got to see. They were very decent, but unfortunately I have little more

to say about them. My purpose for attendance was, no doubt, entirely for the headliner. The first time I caught **SICK OF IT ALL** live was in '91, when they did the "**New Titans on the Block**" tour with **NAPALM DEATH, SACRED REICH**, and **SEPULTURA**. They impressed me as a good live band that night, and have continued to do so ever since. I believe this was my fifth experience with this band. My point is I basically knew what to expect, and once again I was treated to a super fun time.

If you like that "NYC hardcore" style, **SICK OF IT ALL** should be on the top of your list. It sticks to it's scene, but doesn't lack it's own spark and personal flavor. Aside from the music, the presentation is perfect. Straight forward. Band/audience. Intense and tight relationship. Everytime I've seen them at **St. Andrew's, Lou** (vocals) has mentioned something of how they dislike the barricade and would really like it if the show could be a little more intimate.

If you like fists and elbows, a **SICK OF IT ALL** show will indulge you. If you like fast, loud, intense music. If you like to have fun with an edge, indulge in this band. Try not to get hurt, but don't be afraid. Mazzola.

BOTFLY / MOTOR DOLLS

Rick's East Lansing 3/25/95

"Saturday night in the city of the dead," as the old song says. With nothing happening 'cept for TV, I went to one o' the local college town music emporiums. "Ho-hum" thought I. Once inside I learned that on this night the special o' the house was **Bud/22s**. Meanderin' amongst all those freshly scrubbed collegiate types, I was tryin' to espy the perfect porch in which to pay witness to the bands, as well as keep an' eye on the **RED WINGS**' game. Such is the life o' yers truly, but someone's got to do it, right?

Okay, first up was Detroit's **MOTOR DOLLS**. Holy Christ! These women got stones! I thought I'd get some genero-cutesy female drivel. You know, the kind of band that if they were men, everyone would say they "Suck," but since they're women that makes it "okay." I'll admit some o' the tunes were a bit formulaic, but that didn't dampen my (nor the crowd's) enthusiasm. These grrrls (Am I "PC" now?) kicked my rump roast. They could play, their music was above average an' their stage presence was such, that my eyes were glued to 'em almost the entire 45 minutes they were up there. Their lack of pretentiousness was refreshing, esp. nowadays when criticism is looked upon as a no-no. Ladies, I salute you (An' I'm announcin' right now, that I'm startin' a "**Dana Forrester** Fan Club").

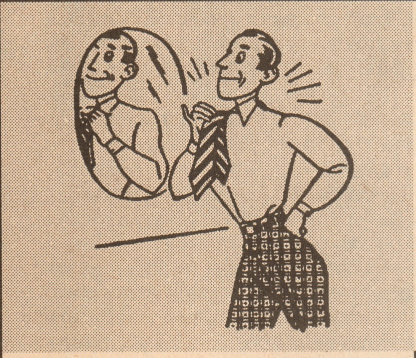
BOTFLY. Nice bunch o' gents, from band members to crew, they were all top-notch. I gotta admit that their funky-**chili peppers** mojo ain't my thing, but the crowd (and a fairly sizeable one at that) was lappin' it 'em like mother's milk. The band seemed to know exactly what the crowd wanted: dance muzak to guzzle the suds to. Their singer (who introduced himself to me, an' now I've forgotten it, sorry!) doubled as a harp player an' he did awreet. A very charismatic front man indeed! Yep, I ain't seen that many pie-eyed coeds since I was runner-up in the "Mr. Hot Buns" contest. "Play that funky music, white boy," an' they did. This band's perfect for those who love to dance. Oh yeah...buy their new CD. It'll make 'em happy. n. bates.

CHERYL WHEELER

The Ark Ann Arbor 3/25/95

What kind of slant does **Cheryl Wheeler** choose to look upon life? And what kind of music does she perform? Witty, thought provoking, good-old, down-home FOLK! **Cheryl Wheeler** was previously performing with folk caravan, "On a Winters Night" back in February. Fortunately, I caught both shows - utterly fab. This artist is a must see, between songs she hilariously gives you her two-cents-worth on life. "I write songs about marriages going to hell in a handbasket, or getting old," states **Wheeler**. Basically, her theme is to take you through life's abrupt revelations. Whether it be a song looking through the eyes of a dog, going through dead people's houses, peace or Prozac, falling in love, or mid-life catastrophe; she portrays a unique insightful talent.

Cheryl Wheeler offers the best of both worlds, one minute being wild & funny, and the next, she delivers a calm & tranquil voice - leaving you at peace. It will



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cure what ails you, even if you don't know what's ailing you. This would be a good show to take grandma & the parents to, or for all of you "Closet Folkies"- an incredible evening with **Cheryl Wheeler**. Chris Grosshans.

BLACK MALI / TIGER 100 / DOWN

Alvin's Detroit 3/31/95

DOWN played a typically fiery set, and continued to push themselves away from the comforts of Basement, USA by playing bills you might not ordinarily expect to see them on (such as this evening's). Have to admit I prefer the more up-tempo material, but when they mix it up a bit, which they did at this show, the slower stuff hits a little harder. If they continue developing like this, in a year's time there'll be no stopping 'em. Let's hope it happens, because I, for one, think teenage girls across the land need to get to know **Sendra's** pretty little head a little more intimately. As a side note, this band seems to be developing a following among local law enforcement personnel, so be careful the next time you want to throw something at the band; you never know who's standing next to you.

TIGER 100 played next. Maybe I was loaded enough that it colored my impression a wee bit, but I enjoyed them a little more than on past occasions. I still think they need to develop some real riffs, but those are my preferences, and I'm pretty certain they don't share them. Heard they kicked the drummer out for lack of punkness, and with these guys, that's a serious indictment.

BLACK MALI were the headliners, and the band most of the crowd (good sized one, by the way) was there to see. I don't enjoy (mostly) white funk bands, so consequently I did not cotton to the **BLACK MALIS**. However, I will admit that the younger **Monroe** did, considering the locale of the club (the heart of Cass Corridor), look right at home. Wow, here comes the hotstepper! C. Fuller.

PO'BOY SWING

Harpo's Detroit March 1995

How I love **Harpo's**. Where else in Detroit can you go to see a bunch of drunken drugged out whiteys dancing to **SLAYER** and **BOY II MEN** and even **Madonna**? Add on top of that $1 pitchers and what else could a boy possibly want for? Oh, wait, of course, live music!

About midnight, after a few insanely annoying hours of rock videos (most recorded from **NBC's "Friday Night Videos," MTV**, or **"Headbanger's Ball"** - oops! that's **MTV** too!),played at wrongfully high volumes, I was beginning to get sleepy. Just as I was about to nod off, on stormed **PO'BOY SWING**, those crazy metal heads from NYC. If only I would have had the good sense to leave then. But, then, the good Lord never blessed me with an over abundance of common sense, so I stayed, and dug myself a deeper hole, trying to figure out just what the hell these idiots were trying to accomplish. I watched the seasoned young veterans in the ring around the rosy style mosh circle, they seemed relatively happy. I looked further back and saw the place starting to empty. The videos were what a lot of people must've stopped in for after all, they ended up being the highlight of my Saturday night in white Detroit. They were all missing **PO'BOY SWING**, who were still slugging away at it, despite the non-cheering and sometimes jeering crowd. If you're the kind of guy (oh yeah, after the videos there were only about three or four ladies left) who likes **ANTHRAX's** slowest and most annoying ballads, the **BEASTIE BOYS** metal stuff, and all that **BON JOVI/KISS** posturing, you'll eat this crap up. If I, however, could pluck one band from this earth, never to be seen and especially heard from again, it would be **PO'BOY SWING**. Fike.

SUPERGRASS / JAKS / ETHOS

The Shelter Detroit 4/2/95

Missed **JAKS**. Missed **ETHOS**. Made **SUPERGRASS**. I wasn't sure what to expect. They were from England, yet they're on **Sub Pop**? They play pop music? It just didn't make sense. Seeing no advance publicity for this show (flyers, ads etc...) didn't help.

The crowd was pretty sparse and spread out, maybe fifty people in the whole joint. I felt like an outsider, an impartial observer.

When **SUPERGRASS** began playing I caught myself tapping my toe and humming along. Their songs were poppy and smart and definitely English. Titles like "Sitting Up Straight," and "Caught By the Fuzz" hinted at their roots, the **BEATLES**, the blackout-era **DAMNED** and early **Robin Hitchcock**. The songs themselves were kinetically infused by the foursomes (primarily a trio, the keyboard player played on less than half the songs) youthful energy, and full sounding - yet not too wall of soundish guitar/bass synchs and interplay. Only the **Sub Pop** single "Lose It" really stood apart from everything else, as an overdriven testosterone injected muscle tune, the rest, especially "Lenny", "Caught By the Fuzz," "I'd Like to Know" (seemingly a companion to), "The Strange Ones" and "She's So Loose", kept up the poppy early Brit-punk/pop pace. Altogether refreshing and enjoyable. So you see, they are on **Sub Pop**, and they do play pop music, get it? Fike.

JAKS

THE ORGANIZATION / PLANET HATE / CYMONIC DRIVE / SUICIETY

The Ritz Roseville 4/6/95

Bates asked me if I wanted to cover this one. I said sure, but I wasn't all hyped about it. Hell I'll go to pretty much anything free. **Rob** (vocals for **THE ORGANIZATION**) mentioned that they should be back in a few months. I am now fully prepared to pay full price for the next one if I have to.

The evening started with Detroit locals **SUICIETY** and **CYMONIC DRIVE**. Both were tight and seemed to know how to do what they wanted to do. I hate to lump them together but I felt pretty much the same about both. Late '80s "thrash" (or whatever label you might try to use) trying to jump the '90s (**PANTERA BIOHAZARD PRONG**) bandwagon. It's really not my place to give out advice to any of these guys, and I'm sure they aren't asking. But I have to say if they would expand and exploit a little more of their own flavors into the music it could really fucking rock. Either one of them. But as it was, they came across as a little bit unoriginal. I did enjoy **SUICIETY'S** "Squirm" (I believe that was the name of it). It had a groove. Go with that.

Next up was **PLANET HATE** from New York. I don't know a thing about this band except what I saw on this fine Thursday evening in Roseville. My guess is (and I think it's pretty accurate) these guys have been around. I'm not sure about the band, but no doubt it's members. I thought they pretty well showed themselves as the best band yet. They could be thrown almost in that same "thrash" category as the other two, but minus the keeping up of the '90s bullshit. They had quite an older school thing going. It didn't have a strong kick for me, but I give them full props for sticking to what they like. I was kept entertained with their intense songs about **Greg Brady** and dental floss. I enjoyed it, but that's really the most I can say for them.

Finally **THE ORGANIZATION**. I had heard them on tape a while back, like last summer, and I didn't remember being too impressed. I didn't dislike it, but it didn't particularly kick for me. What I knew of them, was that they were basically **DEATH ANGEL** without the annoying vocals (sorry to his fans, but that voice bugged me). Anyhow you know what my expectations were. I think it's fairly safe to say I was all wrong about these guys. If I didn't know about them being in **DEATH ANGEL** previously, I don't think I ever would've drawn any connection. I think they've come a long way since those days. The more they played, the more I got into it. It's nothing about a light show or any kinda bullshit that you might think of when you think "metal" (I hate to use the term but it's probably what most folks would consider this to be). It was just the band kicking it with the audience. Almost as straight forward as a hardcore show, but still including the whacked-out guitar solos (I have to add that although I usually hate solos, these were tasteful). After a short intermission near the end, they played a couple of classic rock songs thrashed out their own way. "Working Man" from **RUSH** was the one that sticks in my mind. It might not sound so cool, but you'd kinda have to hear the way they did it to understand. Overall I ended up having an extremely enjoyable time, to my surprise, and I fully plan to see these guys when they come through next time. If it sounds like your bag, I'd highly recommend it. Mazzola.

FIREWORKS / THE HENTCHMEN

Old Miami Detroit 4/8/95

THE HENTCHMEN managed to set the table nicely for this show, plowing through an energetic performance of their three-piece, organ-fueled rock. There should be little question as to where these guys are coming from musically; they're on **Norton** (a label devoted to '50s and '60s rockabilly/punk/etc.), they dress in matching sweater-vests, and as mentioned before, the organ is up-close and personal in the band's sound. The drummer is solid, providing a nice rhythmic base for the guitar and organ to build upon. Detroit has always seemed to be a stronghold for this type of sound, but these kids strike me as having a bit more of a distinctive personality than most.

FIREWORKS headlined, bringing their winning **Rock and Roll Trio** meets mid-80s Lower East Side Scum rock sound to the Motor City, and proceeded to bring the house down. Reduced to a three-piece now, **FIREWORKS** succeeds mostly because guitarist/vocalist **Darin Lin Wood** has the "classicly-trained" (at least according to **'68 COMEBACK** press material) sass that enables the band to blast way out beyond mere revivalism. He's got a lot of wear on those tires, but the end result is a smoothness that can't be faked. **Janet** functions as a drummer in much the same way the **GORIES'** skinbeater did; she's not gonna remind anybody of **Bonham** or **Ward**, but she manages to hold up her end just fine. The other guitarist, **James**, does a nice job of adding a **Willie Aimes**-ish lunacy to the mix, as well as playing occasional dueling leads with **Mr. Wood**. Not even a power-outage could slow them down tonight, as they have served as a generator for the whole bar by themselves. Lots of material is out on the marketplace by this group of nice young Texans (including a full-length due on **Sympathy** soon), and you'd be well-advised to pick some up. C. Fuller.

TRIBE 8 / DAY 28 / WHIPTAIL

Green Room Ypsilanti 4/12/95

WHIPTAIL started the evening off, but I missed 'em because I figured **DAY 28** would play first. I caught **WHIPTAIL** a few months back at a bar show and they rocked, heavy Midwestern riffage with distortion pedals and the whole deal. Really cool, if somewhat dated approach to things. I've heard around town that they're pickin' up the pace, lots of new songs, more experimentation, so I'm anxious to catch them again soon.

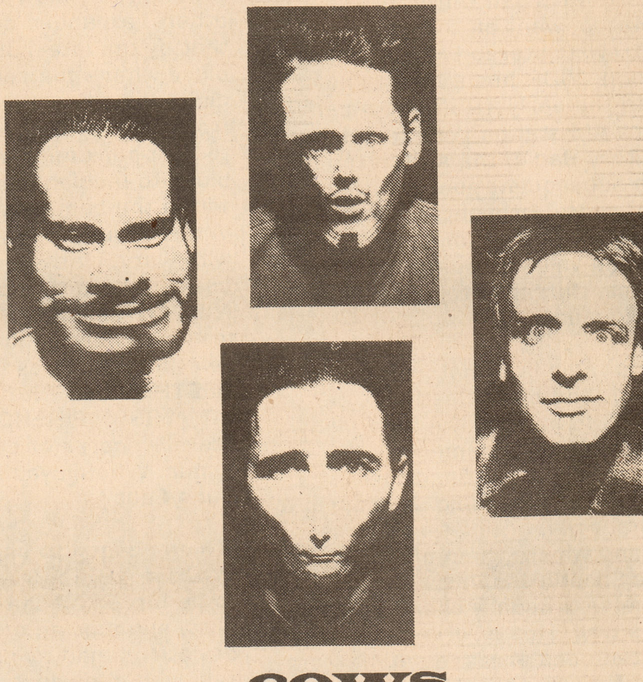
DAY 28 started my evening with all the excitement of a sorority popcorn party. Fun fun girl rock. I felt like the only one who'd already heard an unfunny joke that everyone else was laughing at for the first time. Actually, though, they have improved quite a bit from the last time I saw them, which was about a year and a half ago.

Finally, **TRIBE 8** arrived on stage. The first word that comes to mind is abrasive, which is good. Rough guitars, speedy rhythms, a cover of "Radar Love" and a **STONES** song. With the exception of those two sarcastic (yet aptly respected) covers, the rest of the songs fell into the militant feminist/lesbian school of political overtones. A lot of tension in the air. Lots of fun, too. The lead singer ripped off her shirt after the fourth or fifth song, and didn't bother putting it back on. Towards the end of the set, a mock male castration took place, using props, of course. Apparently, on five of their last seven tour dates across this great country (and especially the conservatively [m]aligned Midwest, the coppers have also been appearing, as well as fans, at their shows. No such bad luck tonight. Just a lot of fast and furious punk rock excitement. Highly recommended, if you can respect the politics of it all enough not to get offended. I guess if you'd get freaked out anyway you probably deserve it. Fike.

COWS / CHOKEBORE The Shelter Detroit 4/16/95

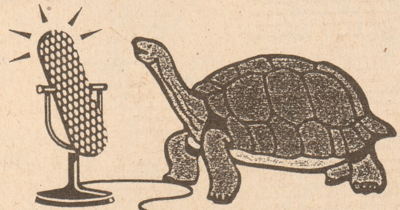
The folks at **St. Andrew's** moved this show downstairs, a healthy enough spot for the relatively small post-Easter crowd. Cramped a bit, hot, dancing in spite of all the ham-filled bellies - what better way to experience this mayhem called **COWS**? From **Shannon's** orange-suited/platinum-wigged/10-gallon hatted ambervisioness to **Kevin's** insane tuners-are-fun! bass style - the **COWS** were amazing. The crowd was receptive, to say the least, so much boogieness going on. They played a lot of newer stuff, a lot off of **CUNNING STUNTS**, "Contamination" and "Heave Ho" done loud and perfect, lots of scratching and fuzz in the background. Can't get over the bass player, **Kevin**, screaming through his upheld bass between songs. Now that's style. **Norm Rodgers** hits hard! Great drumming, esp. on "Mine." Everyone had a blisterful of a good time, all reaching for a piece of **Shannon** in his orange pjs. Don't ever miss seeing this band.

Opening up (second, sorry I missed the first band) came **CHOKEBORE**, a four piece from L.A. (who were) easy to stereotype at first. Walked away early in search of beer, their second song brought me back fast. **CHOKEBORE** does heavy, slow and some fucked-up/fast well, recognizable progressions, anything but banal. Good drummer, lead guy reminds me of **Mike Patton**, some **Henry Rollins** and a touch of that **TOOL** guy's upper whining. Working only with the basics (no fancy effects shit), different sounds coming from the guitar. How much can you do with a **Telecaster** and no ominous stacks of digital crap behind you? Lots of up and down barre chord progression - but listen up, something different here. Check these guys out on **AmRep** (two full length releases, plus lots of singles and some compilation stuff). Of the full lengths, the earlier **MOTIONLESS** is a bit faster than their current **ANYTHING NEAR WATER**, the latter reminiscent of **MORPHINE** lacking horns. Amy Surdu.



COWS

SOUND CAMP



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the decline and fall of WIDR-FM

By Richard Bowser

WIDR-FM, the campus station at Western Michigan University in Kalamazoo, went on the air in 1975 as a 10-watt stereo FM station. Although WIDR has a history going back to the early 1950s as a carrier current AM station (**W**estern **I**nter-**D**ormitory **R**adio) the switch to FM (and a subsequent power increase to 100 watts) brought WIDR into the forefront as an important media outlet and valuable cultural resource. Currently this resource is being squandered.

College radio is by nature a transient and often fleeting enterprise. Often by the time many students learn fundamental broadcast skills, putting together a decent musical mix and developing a personal style, graduation comes along and whisks them off to greener pastures. Also, management usually changes every year as well. This environment can and often does produce satisfactory results for listeners. However, things can go wrong with this scenario when the following events occur:

1. *Rapid changes in management create situations in which people burn out while the station "reinvents itself."*
2. *People with strong personal agendas wreak havoc, often in the name of increasing efficiency or attempting to improve the station.*

I have seen these scenarios play out repeatedly at WIDR-FM. I was on the staff at WIDR from 1984 until 1991, primarily as an announcer / host (**The Richard Bowser Program** and **In Fear of Abstractions**) but also having duties in the music department (reviewing albums) and helping out with **WIDR New Music Nights** at **Club Soda**. I came to WIDR after graduating from WMU in 1983, and with my friend, **Eliot Rachman (Eli Rachmanoff)**, began to disseminate to the Kalamazoo community the hardcore sounds emanating from this free land. Although WIDR had in previous years had hosts and leadership that appreciated adventurous sounds (the **Jeff Huebner/Bob Hercules** axis), we were not welcomed with open arms. However, we began to swing around a station whose musical ethic centered on **SPYRO GYRA**, **KAYAK** and **CHILLIWACK** to the sounds of **BLACK FLAG**, **THE NECROS**, **MINOR THREAT** and others. Music directors such as **Mark Callaghan**, **Joe Puleo**, **Pat Whalen**, **Kayleigh VanPoolen** and others, expanded on this vision so that by the late 1980s WIDR was a place where you could (and generally did) hear a cosmic mix of everything from free form jazz to electronic dub to post-punk minimalism to Delta blues to ambient techno, often within the same program. Also, WIDR sponsored musical events with world-class talent on a regular basis. Where else could one see **NIRVANA** at **Club Soda** (1990), or less commercial but as artistically relevant artists as **CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN** (1986), **DINOSAUR JR.** (1988), **FIREHOSE** (1988), and literally scores of other touring bands. Who played at this year's **Tuna Fest**?

Things began to change radically at WIDR in 1990. Creative DJs began to be forced off the air, often over petty announcing or format deviations, and many simply resigned in disgust. WIDR began to enact and enforce policies that dictated that all WIDR staff be enrolled students at WMU. Previous to this, basically anyone with the ambition could serve at WIDR, and many non-students and WMU alumni did so admirably. Many of these individuals served as mentors to less experienced announcers and also provide the station with a history, focus and continuity.

Also at this time, WIDR began to make serious changes in the variety format that had served it well for over fifteen years. WIDR in 1991 adopted a format of playing only "college" or alternative rock during regular programming. All other forms of music, while still played at the station to some degree, were ghettoized to specialty shows, usually late night, that severely limited the potential of individual DJs to plan and put together interesting programs. Who needs diversity?

During the 1980s, WIDR-FM prided itself on it's professionalism and standing in the local media market. In an endeavor such as college radio, there will always be those who immaturely abuse the system. However, program directors such as **Tim Culver** stressed the need for excellence in announcing skills, 365 day/24 hour schedule when possible (which in reality was the vast majority of the time), and striving to educate staff members (often through the mentoring efforts of more seasoned jocks) about the universe of musical cultures.

Today, a listener to WIDR-FM would have little hint that such efforts occurred. Aside from a sprinkling of inspired specialty shows (most of which have a long history) and the rare jock who can face the tension of bucking the system, WIDR is abysmal. The station shuts down, sometimes for weeks at a time, whenever WMU is on break. The inane and unrestrained prattle of would be radio humorists (most notable example **Jake and Company**) is annoying at best; at worst this drivel reinforces the notion of the WMU administration that WIDR is more of a playground for fools than a serious media and cultural resource.

My suggestions to WIDR-FM are as follows:

1. *Return to a 365 day schedule.*
2. *Return to variety programming and give jocks the freedom to be musically creative.*
3. *Place emphasis on speaking and announcing skills (being able to correctly pronounce a legal station ID would be a nice start).*
4. *Allow increased community involvement with the station; the simple fact that it's so often off the air should indicate at least some need.*
5. *Recognize that for some long-term voluntary service at the station serves valuable purposes such as mentoring and historical continuity.*

I have enjoyed listening to and working with WIDR-FM. It has been a valuable part of my life during the eighteen years that I have lived in Kalamazoo. It is, however, time to ask for something more. I encourage you to contact station management if you share my views. I am also interested in hearing what justifications exist for the current situation. Kalamazoo and WMU need a strong, exciting WIDR-FM that can help make both the campus and the community more interesting places to work and live.

(P.S. Several other **ETCH** staffers have also served at WIDR-FM, including **Elizabeth Barney**, **Jon Fischer**, **Ken Knott** and **D. Wood**)

A.C. "Top 40 Hits" CD
Forty songs, most clocking in at around one minute, on this jam-packed CD by Boston's **A.C.**. Vocalist **Seth Putnam** describes their music as "the most extreme form you can get with a traditional rock-n-roll lineup." Let's all hope his tongue is planted firmly in cheek when he says this.
Basically a joke that has gotten way out of hand, **A.C.** aren't without their moments. "Breast Feeding Jim J. Bullock's Toenail Collection," "Art Fag" and my personal favorite, an Oi version of the **BEE GEES** "Stayin' Alive" (Oi! Oi! Oi! Oi! Stayin' alive stayin' alive!). Also included is a rollicking cover of the **GUESS WHO's** "American Woman." **A.C.** wish to aggrevate and annoy and they achieve their goal in spades. **Pants Mulligan** would love this. (**Earache**) D. Wood.

Seth Putnam - A.C.

APATIA "Punk Floid" 7"
Don't let the title of this record sway your idea of what it sounds like. This is total DIY punk from Poland! Insightful lyrics, which are both personal and worldly, are sung in Polish and the EP includes a English translation sheet. For example, "Pamietaj" (Remember), one of five songs states, "Remember that they've always been destroying the earth/maybe unawarely but always effectively/someone took courage, someone shook his fist." Musically, guitars chop along and sound almost like the pounding percussion, then break into chords and back again. The style as a whole is very melodic. The fold out jacket contains lyrics, pictures and earthy clip art. This 7" is not quite as good as their CD, **WALKA CZY APATIA**, yet very much worth seeking out. (**Nikt Nic Nie Wie**) Greg Martens.

BALLOON GUY "Scars" b/w "Moxabustion"
A pair of sonic pop gems from the Motor City. I'm interested in hearing more from this band but I will say that it encourages me to hear things such as this, Tight, brittle and catchy. (**Third Gear**) Richard Bowser.

BASSHOLES "Haunted Hill" LP
The second longplayer from **Don** and **Rich** picks up where **BLUE ROOTS** left off, meaning it's about as vital a version of "roots rock" as is being played anywhere today. **Howland** can rightly be credited, along w/ fellow **GIBSON BROS. Jeff Evans** and some older antecedents like **Tav Falco,** with inspiring the suddenly popular move in Indie-rock towards heavy incorporation of blues and country stylings into the sound of many bands. Some pull it off, managing to create something with fresh energy, while others are verging on a bad minstrel show. These guys fall into the former category, as **BASSHOLES** deliver the goods in their minimalist fashion. However, when two men can rock like this, you don't notice the lack of extra bodies so much (they apparently have a bass player now, at least in the live setting). As far as the material goes, it's a mixture, as was the last one, between totally redone blues numbers (**Skip James** most prominently here) and **Howland's** own revved-up originals. The tunes are great, and anybody really interested in what makes for worthwhile music in 1995 should pick this up post haste. The icing on the cake is the liner notes, from **Mr. Byron Coley** and **Mr. Howland** himself. Both men are a little hot under the collar these days, and it can be easy to understand why sometimes. That's probably at least a part of what fuels music this great. (**In The Red**) C. Fuller.

BINSLEY POPLARS "Trip So Far" CD
The debut of this NYC quartet. Beautiful female vox, provided by **Mary Asque Fendley.** This album is quiet and dramatic at the same time. There's enough crunch intermingled with **Fendley's** vocals to create a unique blend o' pop music. Their press insert makes the obvious comparisons to the **COCTEAU TWINS** and **SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES**, and there is a certain amount of truth to those. **Fendley's** vocals/lyrics tend to be fragmented between words and sounds, alternating her range to keep the listener's attention. However, musically the band reminds me of the **CRANBERRIES**, drifting betwixt heavy electric thud an' **4AD**-esque pop. From song one ("Spoons") onward I found myself hooked. A very good debut indeed! (**Kokopop**) n. bates.

BODECO "Calling All Dogs" CD
Pretty solid blues/C+W/early rock hybrid from these five older gentlemen. The cleanliness of the production and playing here leads me to conclude that **BODECO** is closer in style and (I'm guessing) intent to predecessors such as **THE BLASTERS** and maybe even **PANTHER BURNS** than to, let's say, **FIREWORKS** or **DOO RAG**. This approach occasionally leads **BODECO** into bar-band land, but most of the time they keep their heads on straight and avoid that sort of tepid "professionalism." Yet another record done at **Easley** in Memphis. Just wait 'til he gets his first big hit, 'cause I think the South needs their own **Butch Vig**, don't you? (**Safe House**) C. Fuller.

BOTFLY s/t CD
It's times like this when I hate this job. This band, HUGELY popular on the college circuit, whose members are pretty swell guys, as well as more than competent musicians, just don't float my boat. Funky, punky, metally, harmonica-added (every time I hear their harp, I'm reminded of the **SANFORD AND SON** theme) hippie- influenced jams. I...oh the heck with it. (**Platypus**) n. bates.

BROKEN HOPE "Repulsive Conception" CD
Sick, sick lyrics propel this grindcore band along with prerequisite growling vocals, a complete package for those of you who jones this type of stuff. **BROKEN HOPE** are the real thing, not afraid to embrace the darkest side of human existence, not afraid to fly their flag no matter how goofy it may be. A list of song titles may provide you with some further insights regarding the band's preoccupations. "Into the Necrosphere," "Essence of Human Pain," "Erotic Zoophilism," "Dialtion and Extraction" (which features lyrics that are just plain stupid), "Chewed to Stubbs" and fellow staffer and eighth wonder of the world **Richard Bowser's** favorite "Engorged with Impiety." Don't get me wrong, I do like it. I'm just not sure admitting to that fact is gonna do much for my already stained reputation. (**Metal Blade**) D. Wood.

THE CHAMELIONS DISH "Wishbone" CD
This their second full-length release, has been at or near the top of the charts for local sales in A2 for something like six months now, and is the platter that caught **A&M's** ear. These guys play around Ann Arbor and Detroit quite a bit. Their particular style is of the modern rock/alternative bent, much as they themselves might hate to admit. The songs on this disc are all original compositions, with lyrics by frontman **Charlie Johnson**, music courtesy of guitar player **Mike Tomlinson**, bass player **Nathan Adams**, drummer **John Barber**, and violin player **Jesse Schiffrin.**
Airy violins and effects-heavy guitars dominate each song, with a few quieter exceptions. Poppy solos and expansive vocals complete the radio-friendly mix. The lyrics follow a theme singer **Johnson** has delved into in numerous short stories and a trippy novella over the course of the last several years. Deep friends, very deep. I couldn't begin to explain the whole concept of it all, so pick up a copy and see for your self. Some of the band's past ventures have included performance artists and warehouse shows, as well as regional "battle of the bands/bandfests," with **Johnson**'s self-styled murals as backdrops. Keep an ear out for these gents on the likes of **89X** in Detroit and the **Edge 92.1** in Lansing. (**Chowderhead**) Jeff Fike.

CHOKEBORE "Anything Near Water" CD
The second full-length from California's **CHOKEBORE**, this one cranks! My pal down to the local wax dealership says he doesn't think it's as good as their first, but what's he know? (see **ETCH #1's dEUS** review) The music is full o' hooks, yet the power is understated, adding to it's overall strength. Play this disc very loud, it will make you happy. This is a very solid effort from a very good band. (**Amphetamine Reptile**) n. bates.

CHROME "3rd from the Sun & Into the Eyes of the Zombie King" CD
This CD is a reissue of old **CHROME** stuff from '81 and '84. For those of you who don't know, **CHROME** is the band in which the marvelous axeman **Helios Creed** made his debut. The material form 1981 is called **3RD FROM THE SUN** and the material from 1984 is called **INTO THE EYES OF THE ZOMBIE KING**. The obvious difference between these two releases is one has **Helios** and a real drummer, and the other doesn't have **Helios** or a drummer. Well I prefer a real drummer and I prefer **CHROME** when it had **Helios**, so all I can say is the first seven tracks (**3RD FROM THE SUN**) are pretty darn good, trippy space rock kind of stuff with lots of effects used in an efficient manner, and the remaining are pretty mediocre, electronic drums with sappy keyboards to back it up, minimalist guitar writing. This CD might be worth getting if you haven't heard **CHROME** or **Helios Creed**, but if you can find **3RD FROM THE SUN** buy that instead. (**Cleopatra**) Dr. Bubo.

COMBINE "Norfalk, VA" CD
This very potent power trio from the title city reminds me, oddly enough, of **Phantom Tollbooth**, which is really quite nice because **P.T.** is one of the most underrated groups ever. I listen to their records sometimes and think to myself: "geez, indie rock used to be soooo good". Of course now, I've heard so much crap that it takes

quite a bit to make me stand erect and take notice. This one gave me a stiffy. **(Caroline)** CBH3

CROATAN "A Hundred More Verses About Agamemnon" CD
A sort o' 3-piece (2 regular members an' a bass player) from Cincinnati (the home of 5-way chili, Marge Schott and the **AFGHAN WHIGS**). This is sorta straight ahead p-rock, with pounding rhythms, wicked gitstylins' an' a caterwaulin' singer, **Jennifer Grey**, who sounds oddly reminiscent of **Geddy Lee**. The musicianship is better-n-average, the songwritin', however, ain't. They do have their moments but not enough for me. **Kramer's** production sounds good. I dunno...maybe next time. **(Shimmy-Boot)** n. bates

DEAD CAN DANCE "Toward The Within" CD
This another one o' my all-time fave bands, but I was more than a little leery about the prospects o' hearin' 'em live. I figured they couldn't achieve the atmosphere o' their studio recs. Surprisingly, they could and did on this LP. Super thick, almost palpable, music leapt out of my speakers an' roared at me in all it's splendor. Haunting, riveting and eclectic are three words that come to mind while listening. **Mr. Perry's** an' **Ms. Gerrard's** vocals come through loud-n-clear. The musicians backing them are more than capable, adding to the orchestral quality of the music and the dynamics on this disc. The only criticism I can make is the exclusion of the stunning, "The Host of Seraphim," a remarkable song on their **THE SERPENT'S EGG** album. This is a great record from a truly unique band. "5 stars." **(4AD)** n. bates.

DEAD VOICES ON AIR "Hafted Maul" CD
This is **Mark Spybey's** (ex-**ZOVIET FRANCE**) first project since emigrating to Vancouver, British Columbia two years ago. **Spybey's** approach toward recording is unique, in that he treats it as a medium, not unlike canvas or clay, in which he expresses his ideas through his music. His compositions are layered bringing together a collection of sounds and discordant tones, shaping them into beautiful aural sculptures. **HAFTED MAUL** is a hybrid of ambient, electronic and industrial styles, making it at once haunting, alluring and darkly beautiful. I'm very glad that **Mr. Spybey** continues to share his imaginative musical vision with us. You will not be disappointed. This CD is a must have. **(Invisible)** n. bates.

DEAD VOICES ON AIR "New Words Machine" CD
Hot on the tracks of **HAFTED MAUL** comes another CD from **Mark Spybey** and Co., this time on the **Hypnotic** label. The former disc was slightly more "melodic" than this six song release, but this is no less captivating. **Spybey** crafts and blends noises into unique musical creations. What's more, he does so without the use of samples. To quote the press release that accompanied this disc, **Spybey** uses "the studio as a musical instrument," allowing "the listener to paint their own mental images, to think, to use their imagination." For you trivia buffs, **cEvin Key** (**SKINNY PUPPY**) is on three tracks. If you like music that pushes the envelope, **DEAD VOICES ON AIR** is your band. Another must have. **(Hypnotic)** n. bates.

DEMOLITION DOLL RODS "The Unauthorized Demolition Doll Rods" 7"
Stripped down, low-fi racket. The **DOLL RODS** have been around for a couple of years now and their schtick is still the same. Show a little T&A, play their tunes an' cajole the audience. Trouble is instead of gettin' better, it's gettin' stale. Sure their musicianship is better by leaps-n-bounds since their inception, but the joke's not. I know I'm going to lose "hipness points" but this sucks. **(Bulb)** n. bates.

DIGITAL POODLE "Noisea" CD
Another fine release from the white-hot Los Angeles-based **Cleopatra** label, hard trance industrial groove from this Toronto three-piece **DIGITAL POODLE**. It's a highly danceable, post-apocalyptic vision of the '90s and beyond, **NINE INCH NAILS** references aren't at all unfair. **DIGITAL POODLE** have tapped into a growing feeling of turmoil in society, political and otherwise. All the tracks stand out, but the first "Totalitarian!" and number two, "Head of Lenin," also included on the **Cleopatra** comp. **ENCHANTMENTS**, really need your direct attention. While House Majority leader **Newt "The Newt" Gingrich** forges mightily onward with his vicious assault on the poorest in our society, **DIGITAL POODLE** are out there banging away, pawing through the wreckage with some mighty driving industro-tekno beats behind 'em. Pulsing rhythms alongside straightforward industrial electronic mutations, subvert...subvert! Suits me just fine. Disconnect. **(Cleopatra)** D. Wood.

DIRTY BIRD s/t 7"
Where should I start with these guys? okay, I met them while on tour. My band played two shows with them, one in Erie, PA and one @ ABC-NO-RIO in NYC without having knowingly set it up that way. Let me say that it was quite an experience. Four of the five of them seem very much together, while this one guitarist has this strange glam-rock wannabe aura to him. As for their music; pretty much nice and powerful, straight ahead old-school with intense vocal work. Crunchy, crispy and crusty, except for the glam clown who would become naked during the set and flash out these arpeggio guitar solos. I thought they were going to kick him out of the band right then and leave him stranded on the lower eastside of New York. **(Tamper)** Greg Martens.

Ritual" in their home state, with all it's dairy-culture farmers and God-fearing denizens. For all you fans out there, this is indeed the **HELLFIRE** you've been waitin' for, what you've been promised from the start. Also included is "Psychedelic Sacrifice" which is moving up the **Alternative Press** Dance charts. To quote you-know-who, "When I sin, I sin real good!" Kiss it. **(Cleopatra)** D. Wood.

EMPATHY "Under the Lost Smile" CD
Thick guitars with urgent vocals over steady drums and bass, plus a number of out-takes between songs from the film **THE BREAKFAST CLUB**, are some of the ingredients which go into the mix on this CD created by Detroit's **EMPATHY**. As explained by vocalist **Jay** inside the booklet just before the lyrics are provided, the band is willing to step out of it's hardcore genre and try something "different." As a result, the CD includes a song with acoustic guitars, which I think is one of it's best, an instrumental and a cover of the **SIMPLE MINDS'** "Don't You Forget About Me." (Yes, that song was featured in **THE BREAKFAST CLUB**) If you delve into the many the many tracks hidden at the end of the disc you get some good songs, more out-takes, jabs at other bands, jokes and what not. Overall, the recording benefits from a wonderfully heavy mix by **Tim Pak** at **Woodshed Studio**. **(Conquer the World)** Greg Martens.

ENKINDEL s/t CD
There are 4 songs on this CD released by **Initial Records** of West Bloomfield, MI. The address listed for the band is in Jeffersonville, IN (which is just across the Ohio River from Louisville, KY). In the credits, it is great how one of the members thanks the kids at **U of D Grounds** for their support. Musically, what stands out the most is the coarse, then smooth, quality of the singer's voice and the chugga-chugga guitar sound. Unfortunately, three of the four songs feature lyrics dealing with the anguish of love. For example, "Never seen you look as beautiful as you do in your open fields...I just hope some day I can feel you/I can kiss you/I can hold you/I just hope you don't run away." This just doesn't do anything for me (Greg, you insensitive brute! ed.). This is not really my interest in lyrical content. **(Initial)**. Greg Martens.

extreme noise terror

THE ELECTRIC HELLFIRE CLUB "Kiss The Goat" CD
Brand new full-length disc from those twisted Wisconsin residents **ELECTRIC HELLFIRE CLUB**, and it's chock full of those demonic forces that wrap around and draw you in. The last **EHC** disc was the **SATAN'S LITTLE HELPERS** EP (see **ETCH #1**), which was basically some remixes and was a teaser for this new one. **KISS THE GOAT** is **EHC** at their best, featuring production by **Keith Auerbach**, who has worked with **MINISTRY** and **MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT** and does a fine job here, mixing in some wild samples to accompany this stroll through the dark side of the stratosphere. Electro-pop a la **MARILYN MANSON**, **EHC** must be the "Kings of

EXTREME NOISE TERROR "Retro-Bution" CD
I remember a few years back talkin' to **Jerry Asshole** of the legendary, now sadly defunct, **POISON IDEA**, and his majesty was tellin' me about a band I hadn't heard of. He was tellin' they were from the UK and they

were the roughest, toughest, meanest rottenest son's o' guns he had laid his eyes and ears upon in many o' Portland moon. He was talking about **EXTREME NOISE TERROR**, and now as I sat here with my ears pinned back listening to this collection of their classics re-recorded for the **Earache** label called **RETRO-BUTION**, I realize he was layin' it down for me...righteous like.

EXTREME NOISE TERROR blaze outta your speakers and kick you in the head like some crazy animal gone wild, fast and loud...point bein' they just don't give a fuck for you and your delicate sensibilities. They'd rather make your ears bleed as opposed to makin' friends, and for that they get my wholehearted recommendation. All the songs are absolute powerfuck, but when they decide to slow it down just a bit...whoa jeezus look out! **EXTREME NOISE TERROR** are busy puttin' together a new CD featuring all new material (basically this one is a primer for those of us who don't yet know) and when that comes out, break out the **Guiness Stout** and the emery boards and...and...and...Jeezus!! **EXTREME NOISE TERROR**!!! **(Earache)** D. Wood.

FABRIC "Body of Water" CD
This band will try to tear your ears off. Blistering chaotic sounds rock my little world. The songs range from slower and groovy to absolute mayhem.

I really hate to bring up **Phantom Tollbooth** again, but I did. Did you see that, I could have let it lie but I didn't. I thought I heard **Fugazi** floatin around in there too. **Fabric** is a five piece billed as "th U.K.'s premiere independent hardcore act." Sounds like a sales pitch. How bout **Fabric** is the UK's loudest band that starts with an F and doesn't have a U.K. accent. **(Doghouse)** CBH3

FAXED HEAD "Uncomfortable But Free" CD
Impressive to say the least, awesome at best. The fellas at **Amarillo** have outdone themselves. A CD extolling all of the virtues of the **FAXED HEAD's** singles with two great new tracks. If this is not in your CD player right now, then you are a simp living as a mere shell of a man, disregarding the derisive power of this band. The **FAXED HEAD** (along with all of their labelmates) are a unique entity in music, a bastardized cross of the **MAGIC BAND** and some ungodly force channelled through a tone-deaf idiot savant howling for his goddam saltpeter. Desk Metal without the bounds of space or time. Although you probably won't build up the energy to mail away for this, the Godhead of musicks, consider yourselves lucky to live in a society where this sort of thing proliferates amongst the soft, white underbelly of These United States (the only good part of **READER'S DIGEST** [a misnomer in itself, as anyone who can read would never peruse this trash, but would instead revel in the simplistic, yet realistic, insight of the superior **HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN**]). Punk rockers beware! One listen to the **FAXED HEAD** and the world as you know it will be shattered. Obviously, I cannot say enough good things about this stunning CD, so buy the fucking thing. **(Amarillo)** Pants Mulligan.

CATHY FINK & MARCY MARXER "A Parents' Home Companion" CD
What is it that these women have in common and what is it that feeds their long lasting relationship? The answer is their unconditional love for bologna. They reference bologna in a couple of their songs. Sounds like a very interesting lesbian obsession to me, I don't know, I think that is for you to decide for yourself!!! **Cathy Fink & Marcy Marxer**, after being, I mean, working together for 20 years have created a niche for themselves at the forefront of folk and country music. If you hate the male species, are a feminist, or just plain like cheesy folk music, you gotta check this out. I must give them credit for some of their clever rhymic lyrics and jazzy sounding pick-me-ups. But PLEASE, I think these women take their music just a little bit too seriously. You just might be able to pick them up on **NPR (National Public Radio)** in between **"All Thing's Considered"** and **"Car Talk."** After twenty years of experience I think they've found their audience, obviously, I'm not part of their romper-room gallery. **(Rounder)** Chris Grosshans.

cathy & marcy

FUNERAL ORATION "What Is It?" 7"
Wow, this little baby snaps like a pair of **Sansabelts** (tm) on a very fat man. After toiling at least 8 long years (with the same line-up), this Dutch band gets their chance at the big leagues, and an impressive American debut it is. Four catchy **BUZZCOCK**'s-style punk tracks crammed onto one man-sized 7 incher. No duds, no crap, no **GREEN DAY** (despite their mention in the press pack), just strait forward punk rock, the kind this old jaded punk rocker hopes for when he slaps the latest **BAD RELIGION** corporate enterprise onto his **Fisher-Price MY FIRST RECORD PLAYER** (tm) (A note to the kiddies when purchasing an unknown, unheard 7" from Rhode Island-sized countries in Western Europe, Northern Europe and ALL sheep-bearing (i.e. New Zealand, Australia) nations. The reason for this may be these countries' poor grasp of what is "cool/profitable in the great unknown [read: The United States].")

"Why this long-winded diatribe on some little 7-inch?" you may ask. Why? Because this may be our last chance to bask in the glory of 1982, hoping Dad doesn't make us take out the trash again tonight, praying that the new **DEAD KENNEDYS** album is as good as their last, wishing we were part of the now burgeoning LA punk scene (remember, this is 1982), but I digress. This is the real stuff: honest, brutal (or at least as brutal as it got in the early '80s), and genuine. Buy this thing (if you can find it) or write the fine fellows at **Hopeless Records** (ask for **Louis Posen**, ed.). The address is in the back of the magazine. I myself will buy the long player (due early this month) and search for **FUNERAL ORATION's** early releases. **(Hopeless)** Pants Mulligan.

GODZUKI "Toast" 7"
Pop - I mean POP! - music. It's been delightful to watch this band evolve over the last year or so. **Erika's** voice is evocative an' matches the lightness of "Toast." The song's a real toe-tapper. The flipper, "Gleason Rocket," = more pop tones with some crank tossed in, an' even crankier lyrics. Don't be deceived by this - it ain't whipped cream. There's anger in those hills an' you can hear it in **Mike Canich's** words. A very worthwhile effort. For you useless trivia buffs, this was produced by **Matthew Smith (VOLEBEATS, OUTRAGEOUS CHERRY)** an' recorded by **Warrn Defever (HIS NAME IS ALIVE)**. Oh yeah, it's on green wax. **(March)** n. bates.

GUZZARD "Quick, Fast, In A Hurry" CD
More punked-out POW! from this Minneapolis trio. **GUZZARD** are a lot like aftershave lotion following an early AM face scrape: white hot, electric but with an oh-so-nice alcohol burn. Abrasive is as good an adjective as I can think of. Very cool record, from a very cool band. If you like it raw, this here's yer tonic. Another **AmRep** buzzsaw. **(Amphetamine Reptile)** n. bates.

HARMS WAY and the LSGH CLAN "Kutcorners" CS
Ask and ye shall receive. This is the full 5-song EP hinted at last issue, and it's pretty fuggin' good. What strikes me this time is the obvious feeling and passion **HARMS WAY** have for their material, as opposed to the completely bland **STUCK MOJO**, who also fit into the rap/metal category. It's a case where a big studio and a lot of dough don't always mean jack, **HARMS WAY** accomplish so much more on a nicely produced cassette (thanks to Detroit rapper **Kid Rock**). **STUCK MOJO** spent lots of money, although probably none of their own, and came up with a turd. An expensive turd. The fellas also were nice enough to enclose a single **Kutcorners** cigarette paper with the package, which to me is like a handshake and a fine "Howdoyado!" D. Wood.

HARMS WAY

PJ HARVEY "To Bring You My Love" CD
This is the third effort for **Ms. Harvey**, and she's never been better in my estimation than on this 10 song release. The first two records struck me as interesting, but only intermittently good. In other words, the immense hype that surrounded **Ms. Harvey** was somewhat premature; she hadn't really made a great record yet. Now, she has. This is a "blues" oriented record in much the same way that **Nick Cave's** work is; authentically inauthentic, if you get my meaning. Not that that's a condemnation by any means, as, in the right hands, it can produce wonderful results. That's what happens here. The sound is similar in effect to the best of **Cave's** post-**BIRTHDAY PARTY** work; simple, repetitive riffs accentuated by tastefully placed organ, string, etc. Yeah, she's got a great, expressive voice as well, and thankfully, unlike many female singers, she doesn't overuse it. Only the last couple of cuts lag at all here, and in this here league, batting .800 ain't too shabby. Imagine that, someone from England with actual balls, and it's a girl. What a surprise. **(Island)** C. Fuller.

HOT FOOTIN' PUDDIN' PIE "Heaven Sent" b/w "Gold Dust Woman" 7"
This is the first (at least that I'm aware of) release by this Ferndale-based band. I'd heard lots of good buzz on this bunch for a while, but I could never get anybody to be specific about their sound. Now I understand why, because it's not something easily pigeonholed. "Heaven Sent" is a poor-little-old-me number that swings in a laid back fashion. The male vocals remind me of **Donovan** in spots, but don't let that frighten you. The flipside gets the lady vocals out front, but doesn't work nearly as well as the lead cut. A friend of mine

told me that one of these people used to play in an East Lansing band called the **CLASSICAL MUSHROOMS** a few years ago. For anyone who experienced that nightmare in somebody's basement, it remains difficult to believe that any of the principals involved in that hippie-dreck disaster could be in something this solid. Goes to show ya', time can heal all wounds. C. Fuller.

ICED EARTH "Burnt Offerings" CD
This fruity release does not have any of what I like and is oh-so abundant in what I don't like. The vocals aren't good, believe me I'm holding back here hockey fans, they kinda sound like **IRON MAIDEN**, but a little fruitier. While there are moments, brief... brief moments, the stretches in between are long and arduous. Way too many ballady passages, which has to be the most overused cliche in metal today. Ballad, heavy, ballad, heavy...so on etc. Fruity. (**Century Media**) D. Wood.

IDAHO "This Way Out" CD
IDAHO is **Jeff Martin's** project. For each of their recordings, he picks some musicians, they record, then go on tour. The moody and melodic pop here definitely takes some time to get used to. The sound is layered and textural, but not diluted. For the most part, this disc churns along at a medium tempo, some songs slowing it down a bit more, with others rocking a little harder. The production suits the music, which is introspective, and perhaps a bit stand-offish, without being overly dry or depressing. The guitar harmonies here are what makes this one a keeper. **Martin** uses different guitars (some with six strings, some with only four) tuned to different ranges for different songs. "Drive It" is the one song on this outing that really stands out, fitting more into my rock/blues/reggae comfort zone the best, coming pretty close to out and out rock-n-roll. Nothing explosive here so to speak, a lot of the songs tend to build up tension and feedback, climaxing in an explosive, cathartic release. (**Caroline**) Jeff Fike.

THE IMPATIENTS "Kickball" CD
Quaint, almost "British" sounding, nicely recorded and played guitar pop rock. **THE IMPATIENTS** hail from Ann Arbor, and are great to listen to while drinking really strong coffee. Just hearing 'em now makes me want some JAVA. If **Evan Dando** (the **LEMONHEADS** pos[t]er boy) decided to go and sing and throw his decorative guitar for the **VIOLENT FEMMES**, and play at high-school dances, it might sound like this. It's like they're saying "I'm so down in the dumps, I just want to play my guitar, but not too loud." If you go for the **DYLANS, EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL**, etc. you'll really dig this. Cutesy and adorable, I'd have to label this as mood music, at it's best, barely detectable above the racket, or muffled murmurs of whatever you might be doing, or wherever you might be. Did I mention it was poppy? (**Skillet**) Jeff Fike.

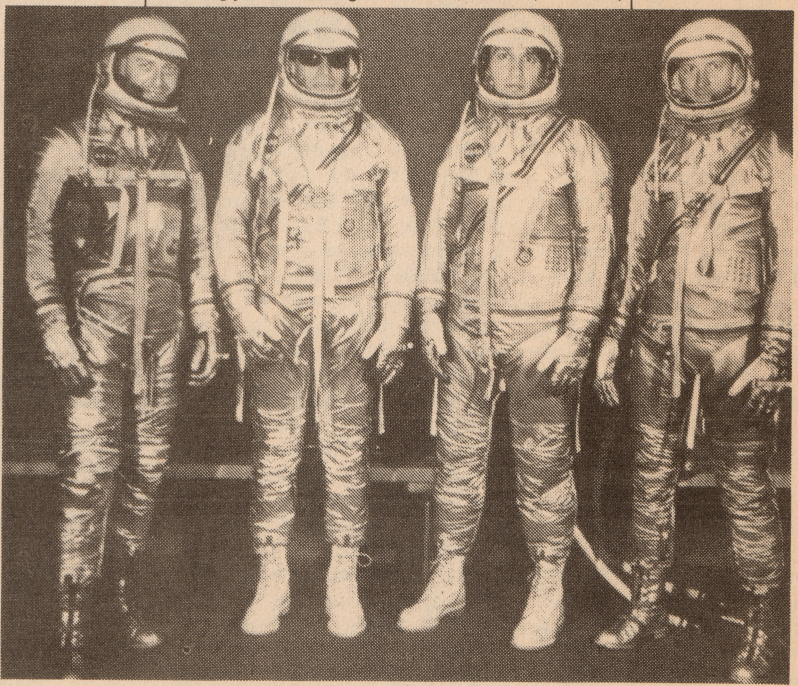
JAKS "Hollywood Blood Capsules" CD
JAKS used to hail from Ann Arbor, although I've heard they've relocated to Chicago these days. They play an interesting brand of rock, relying on an off-kilter rhythmic approach that keeps things swinging, while avoiding straying too far from home base, if you get my drift. In fact, at times, things get chaotic enough to almost remind me of **THE BIRTHDAY PARTY** (although please don't take me literally here, it's just some easy comparison that's probably worthless in terms of accurately describing this band, but it's late and I can do no more...). **JAKS** are also fairly young, so I would guess they've got a lot of room to grow into whatever they intend to become sonically (which is not to suggest that they're not ready for prime time now). The only advice I would offer is, don't ever let anyone writing a promo sheet use the phrase "ear candy" to describe your band. This is, in fact, advice I would offer to anyone. (**Choke, Inc.**) C. Fuller.

KILLDOZER "God Hears the Pleas of the Innocent" CD
If **KILLDOZER** were an animal, they would probably be some hybrid of a warthog and canary, weaving their obnoxiously catchy half-speed melodies and knocking over anyone who dared to challenge them. With their seemingly evil messages of strife, murder, violence, social upheaval and general mayhem, **KILLDOZER** would have made the perfect patsy for Vice President **Al Gore's** wife **Tipper's PMRC** (remember?), if they weren't so damned hilarious.

This, their seventh full-length, outing is chock-full of dirge-like hate mongering pop songs. "Paul Doesn't Understand," begins with the soundman telling the rest of the guys to just keep playing, they'll mix guitarist **Paul Zagoras**, the lone Greek guy in the band, and the newest member (he made his debut on last year's classic **UNCOMPROMISING WAR ON ART UNDER THE DICTATORSHIP OF THE PROLETARIAT**), in later; the advant-jazz fusion lasts an amazing 90 seconds. And hearing vocalist/bass playing fella **Michael Gerald** tell a mother's forlorn tale of angst on the album's opener "A Mother Has A Hard Road" is indeed heart-rending.

KILLDOZER'S sound is so big and chunky and sludgy and nasty and evil and coooool, that it's rumored both SOUNDGARTER and PANTHERA have, after trying unsuccessfully to enlist **KD's** help as a "rock tutor" if you will, begun to spy on the threesome as they practice in their cow pastures back in Wisconsin. (**Touch & Go**) Jeff Fike.

KILLERS "Menace To Society" CD
Metal-vet **Paul Di'Anno's** latest deal **KILLERS** benefit from some rough/tough musicianship via **Cliff Evans** on guitar and **Steve Hopgood** on drums. Their press kit compares them to **PANTERA** and **FIGHT**, which may be stretching it a bit, but this new CD by **KILLERS** is good and worth the attention of you metal fans out there. There are some standout moments on this uneven outing, including "Faith Healer" and "Chemical Imbalance," so pull your pants down and salute 'em, if you get the message. I suggest you go to your window right now, open it and yell "I'm mad as hell, and I'm not gonna take it anymore." Funk 'dat. (**Metal Blade**) D. Wood.



Kustomized

KUSTOMIZED "The Battle For Space" CD
Peter Prescott's (ex-**MISSION OF BURMA, VOLCANO SUNS**) latest vehicle rocks! Joined by **Kurt Davis** (ex-**BULLET LAVOLTA**), **KUSTOMIZED** treads no new ground, but they expand the musical paths explored by the aforementioned bands and **THE BATTLE FOR SPACE** rock harder than any **VOLCANO SUNS** wax in recent memory. **C. Fuller** thinks this is one of the weaker **Matador** bands, but I disagree. This is super cool stuff and a must have for all of you **MISSION OF BURMA** devotees. Pick it up! (**Matador**) n. bates.

LATIMER "World's Portable" EP
This Philadelphia-based unit plays muscular power pop with some occasional punkish overtones. At time they sound like a dead ringer for **SUPERCHUNK** but they seem to lack an equivalent level of melodic ability. This is certainly a competent effort, but I'm not overly yanked by it. (**World Domination**) Richard Bowser.

LEAETHER STRIP "Double or Nothing" Double CD
Very ambitious, dark, gothic, foreboding double disc set from **Claus Larsen**, the sole creator of **LEAETHER STRIP**. Disc 1 has four tracks, including a spoken version of "Don't Tame Your Soul," with some fine instrumentalization going on in the background. Disc 2 is decidedly more upbeat, containing most of the danceable material. Most of the thirteen tracks on the second disc appear elsewhere, but appear here for posterity. This double disc is indeed a compilation of sorts, giving the listener a look at what's going on in the German industrial scene, as well as providing you with four new tracks prepared by maniac **Larsen** just for this occasion. This is the kind of stuff you'll want to hear the next time you're at **Noir Leather** in Royal Oak shopping for love toys. (**Cleopatra**) D. Wood.

[.LIGHTS.OF.EUPHORIA] CD
I think that this may be industrial but I'm not sure. Let's see, throbbing dance beat, spooky, all the songs sound the same, makes me want to wear black.... I'm yawning. (**Cleopatra**) CBH3

LOVE 666 "American Revolution" CD
LOVE 666 "**American AMERICAN REVOLUTION** is the first full-length (see the review of their 7" in **ETCH #1**, ed.) from this Washington, DC terrorist cell. The band has got the wall-o'-noise, sludge-o-matic, kick-in-the-pants sound down in spades. Their music comes at you, out of the speakers, in waves that are nearly

terrifying when played at maximum volume. **LOVE 666** is so heavy that you don't have a woofer deep enough to drop them into. A slow but sure, unrelenting attack. I surrender. (**Amphetamine Reptile**). n. bates.

LUNGE "Union" b/w "Deli-Head" 7"
The A-side is a scathing anti-union song, the B-side is a somewhat humorous look at life behind a deli counter, both songs are somewhat hard rockish/a tiny bit bluesy, even less punkrock, and not very exciting, or even interesting. All in all, it sounds like these guys just want to figure out how to make a buck without working. My suggestion would have to be along the lines of collecting cans, donating blood, even panhandling, because, unless they're way way better live than on record, they ain't making any money being big rock stars. (**Art Fist**) Fike

MAIN "Firmament II" CD
A not unpleasant ambient work apparently from some former members of **LOOP.** Two gradually evolving and evocative sound collages (some electronic, some seemingly natural) that can function as background to many adventures. (**Beggars Banquet**) Richard Bowser.

MEPHISTO WALZ "Thalia" CD
I've found that as I gotten older, I've acquired a true affinity towards Gothic music. I don't go around moping, dressed in black nor any of the other cliches I used to associate with the movement, but I do like the ethereal sound, the sullen atmosphere, the haunting vocals and the overall presentation. **MEPHISTO WALZ** has those qualities in droves, and they top it off by combining memorable chops. Formed almost 9 years ago by **CHRISTIAN DEATH** bandmates, **Bari-Bari** and **Johann Schuman**, the band has amassed a considerable discography, their latest being **THALIA**. The first two songs, "Along The March" and "Euphrosyne," have incredible staying power, as do the two instrumentals closing this ten song disc. The overall clarity and depth of sound make this a highly listenable album. Add to this **Christianna's** vocals and you'll find yourself hooked. They even do a decent cover of **JEFFERSON AIRPLANE's** "White Rabbit." This is another one of those rare CDs that I've found myself listening to quite regularly. Highly recommended. (**Cleopatra**) n. bates.

MISERY LOVES CO. "Misery Loves Co." CD
Nicely produced industrio-metal package from two Swedish guys, **Patrick Wiren** and **Orjan Ornkloo**, not at all offensive if somewhat slightly uninspired. I generally shy away from programmed stuff with a few obvious exceptions, and **MISERY LOVES CO.** teeter on that very fine edge, their saving grace coming in the form of some polished musicianship and a flair for lyrics. Evidently, they've received some actual players so they can take their message into a live setting and I'm not sure that'll help or hinder...but it will be intersting to find out. Maybe the fellas ought to spend more time studying the graceful **Agnetha Faltskog** and her **ABBA** cohorts, or maybe I just need to get my marbles re-polished. Karma chameleon, baby. (**Earache**) D. Wood.

MOLLY MCGUIRE "Sisters of..." CD
This Kansas City outfit evokes an interesting combination of **SQUIRREL BAIT, PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH, DAYDREAM NATION**, almost early **ROLLINS BAND** at times. Makes me wonder what happened to this sound after 1991. It's making me nostalgic for the glory days of **Homestead**. A worthwhile effort only slightly marred by it's lengthiness and occasional meandering. (**HitIt!**) Richard Bowser.

MONSTER MAGNET "Dopes to Infinity" advance CS
For pure, unadulterated sonic density, **MONSTER MAGNET** have never, ever let me down. This new release is no exception, but indeed very exceptional, **DOPES TO INFINITY** continues with their brand of head-splitting, mind-bending tuneage. Having nearly perfected their concussive, wall-of-sound attack with their previous release **SUPERJUDGE**, **MONSTER MAGNET** reach a new plateau with tracks like "Negasonic Teenage Warhead" and "Look to Your Orb For the Warning." To any detractors who may be out there, I have but one bit of advice: "It's a THC-thang baby, you just wouldn't understand." High quality stuff, as beautifully "altered" as anything I've heard lately. (**A & M**) D. Wood.

THE MUFFS "Blonder And Blonder" CD
This is as good a pop-punk record these ears have had the privilege o' hearin' in many moons. The gits are crisp, the hooks are sharp, the vox are a little muddy but it works. A number of songs are gonna be HUGE, so **GREEN DAY** et al. better keep lookin' over their shoulders. It would not surprise me if this disc sells a kajillion copies. It's that good. My picks as the next "Teen Spirit" are "Oh Nina" and "Agony." **Kim Shattuck** and Co. have a big future in store for 'em. A very, very good record indeed. (**Reprise**) n. bates.

THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE "Kira" b/w "Alibi" 7"
Subdued **VELVETY/GALAXIE 500**-ish lushness masterfully electro-magnetically translated by **Paul Mahern**, so you know it sounds great. From Indianapolis or thereabouts, I believe. (**Egg**) Richard Bowser.

NO USE FOR A NAME "Leche Con Carne!" CD
So you've already heard the single "Soulmate," blasting out of every high schooler's jacked-up **Geo Metro**. What you didn't figure was that these guys are a little more than the next cutesy bullshit **GREEN DAY** "Hi, we're **REM** played at 78 speed, oh, and we do some **DESCENDENTS** too" band. If anything, these guys remind me of a more developed (or less stripped down, take yer choice) **AGENT ORANGE**, or perhaps a less boisterous **BAD RELIGION**, in their heyday. So you get the idea. These guys is punk. Or so it seems. Very poppy, very skatish, very fast, you know. **LECHE CON CARNE!** is a great album to put in your walkman and go sulk around town, because you're so alone and misunderstood. But seriously, there's a crazy, ultraspeed version of "Redemption Song," the **Bob Marley** signature song. "Leave It Behind" hints at early '80s skating roots, and then there's the single of course. "Fatal Flu" should be hitting the airwaves as this goes to press, if those on the edge new music modern rock fascist programmers have their way. I just hope these guys don't get lumped in with all this "Year of Punk Breaking/1977 Revisited Again/Next Generation New Wave" crap. (**Fat Wreck Chords**) Jeff Fike.

OFFENSE A.D. "Hometown War EP" 7"
I bought this record after seeing the band for the first time at the all-ages **Green Room** in Ypsilanti. I really enjoyed them live and wondered how they would do on vinyl...I was not disappointed. Much of the 7" has a quick tempo and features **John's** voice. He has the unusual ability to sing and scream simultaneously. It really comes forward in the brutally personal and honest lyrics. While the music may not be completely original (and what band is?), the group is secure in it's form. The result is outstanding, melodic old-school! If you don't have this record, you are missing out. I believe my copy is wearing thin. (**Youth Rendition**) Greg Martens.

OLD SPICE "Aggravation" + "Trendy Girl" b/w "Worship Yourself" + "Thank You for Being A Friend" 7"
I snapped up this single after catching **OLD SPICE's** set at a recent basement blowout here in Ann Arbor. I can tell you that singer/guit'st **Brett** splits his time between this band and the **PARKA KINGS**, local ska voovees, but if recent developments are any indication **SPICE** may require more time and energy.
All the songs (including the unlisted **GOLDEN GIRLS** theme) are uptempo, neat power pop at its most melodic. With "Oh wey ohhhh's" reminiscent of **MISFITS** and other 50's throwbacks, along with a speed and precision that would put even old school speed mavens like **DAG NASTY** to shame, **OLD SPICE** rocks not only hard, but well, sending out positive if somewhat playfully innocent messages. This single alone blows away most of the junk that I hear coming from the local bar bands. Keep an eye out for these guys playing around yer neck o' the woods, and pick up a copy of the single, one of the first releases on DIY label **Regression**, at the show, or wherever else you might come across it. (**Regression**) Fike.

THE ORGANIZATION "Savor the Flavor" CD
Very well produced pop-ish metal from this San Francisco quartet, their sophomore effort for **Metal Blade. THE ORGANIZATION** are seasoned vets and you can tell by their sound, they know their way around a recording studio. If I've ever heard a track with big radio potential it's track six on this CD called "The Chase." Totally hook-laden with good guitar work and some great vocals, **THE ORGANIZATION** lay it down with precision and keep it interesting to boot! Only problems on this disc are a couple of silly throwaway ballads, but other than that it's more than adequate. (**Metal Blade**) D. Wood.

OUTRAGEOUS CHERRY s/t 7"
Kinda muddy-kinda jangly-kinda airy-kinda catchy-A side: "All In A Chain." The flip is just that. The same song flipped over bass-ackwards. A cool concept. Overall, not their best release but if you're a huge fan buy it, not essential however. (**March**) n. bates.

PANDA s/t CD
Jangly git-pop outta SFCA, **PANDA** had two 7"s out on **Echonet Recordings** prior to this self-titled CD on **Kramer's Kokopop** label. They melt down many different sounds/influences and then re-shape them into their own unique style. This four-some, made up of two men (**Jefferson Parker** and **David Gleason**) and two women (**Alyssa Wendt** and **Carolyn Engelmann**), have quite a catchy lil' combo, as evidenced by a number of songs on this album, that you'll find yourself humming throughout the day after giving it a listen. Are there better pop bands out there? Sure, but if you take this CD at face-value, you'll find it to be a pretty nifty pop record. (**Kokopop**) n. bates.

PARTY DIKTATOR "Stand Behind Me" b/w "Quiet Line" 7"
Wind 'er up an' let 'er go! Kind o' **MUDHONEY**-esque. Cool hooks mit der vicious git-werk thrown in to boot! "Stand Behind Me" is the A-side smoker. It does not disappoint. "Quiet Line" is another bloodbath. I'd love to hear a full-length by this Deutsch combo. If you like loud music, or if you have a high pain threshold, get this! Scale 69. (**Amphetamine Reptile**) n. bates.

PENAL COLONY "5 Man Job" CD
More industrial from **PENAL COLONY**. One of the more interesting things regarding this 76 minute disc, is the fact that many other important industrial acts have helped produce this intensely dark outing.

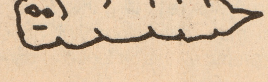
Pioneers such as **FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY** and **PSYCHIC TV**, as well as newcomers like **LEATHER STRIP, SPAHN RANCH** and **T.H.D.**, have provided their services, to give the project a definitive all-star feel. Vocalist **Dee Madden**, who was with well known Los Angeles goth band **EX-VOTO**, helps to provide **PENAL COLONY** with a wild desperation and homicidal passion that leads instead of follows. This could be the definitive cyberpunk material of the year, if not the '90s entirely. (**Cleopatra**) D. Wood.

PHALLACY "Against It" 7"
PHALLACY, out of S.I.N.Y., are an interesting band to listen to. The first of three songs, "Helpless," is an oddly hypnotizing grind with a unique opening of guitar playing quarter notes under spoken, questioning vocal lines. Soon, the rest of the members join in. At one point, the bass revisits the opening guitar riff by itself. Group vocals and instruments crash in. The next song, "Sorethumb," opens with a plodding line, coming close to a metal feel, but then it breaks away into raging hardcore. Here again, bass lines are nicely featured. The b-side finishes the 7" with a beefy number, "Side By Side," which features vocals describing a "brotherhood," within the scene, I'm assuming. Lyric sheet included. (**Tragic Life**). Greg Martens.

POWERFACE "Where From?" CD
A dandy local release by **POWERFACE**, whose name I've not seen around much, but that may be my fault because I don't pay attention to local stirrings. Generally this is because I feel the East Lansing music scene is about as exciting as a bowl of **Grape Nuts**, and I really couldn't care less what band is playing the **Small Planet** tonite or any other night for that matter. But **POWERFACE** have surprised me with a well-produced, nicely packaged, heavy is as heavy does CD sample of what they're all about. I've even worked quite hard at forgiving them for thanking those weasels **GONE DOG** on the liner credits. Shoot, I might even be conned into seeing 'em live, as long as the **Red Wings** aren't on the tube. If they are, I'm staying home fellas. Nice job! (**Yikes!**) D. Wood.

PUNCTURE s/t CD
Annoying (to this reviewer) mix of late '80s **MINISTRY**-type sounds laced with metallic overtones. Not my cup of hate by a long shot (manufactured anger does little for me), although some will no doubt enjoy this particular fusion. (**Century Media**) Richard Bowser.

PURE BASTARD EXTRACT "Pluck Your Magic Twanger" CS
Very fun release from local pranksters. This five-piece outfit from the wilds out west of Ann Arbor brings to the table a healthy dose of hyperspeed punky spirited metal tunes. "Satan Fonzarelli," "Blow My Load," and "King of Karaoke" (which boasts the immortal line "...I like what I do...and I can sing a **BILLY JOEL** song better than you..."), are just a few of the song titles. Toeing the line unobtrusively between sheer offensiveness and out and out hilarity, these guys have as much in common with the **TOY DOLLS** as with **MEGADEATH** or **RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE**. They've planted themselves firmly in the middle of the Michigan metal scene, and their audience is mostly of the long hair-n-leather, bike riding persuasion, but don't let that scare you off. More than anything, these guys would rather have you banging your head and laughing, than obsessing about how brutal they are, dude. (**Ill-legitimate Noise**) Fike.



RAILROAD JERK "One Track Mind" LP
The Jerk is back w/ their first album in 2 years or so (although they've released a few excellent singles in the interim), and it is a bit of a departure from past work. Although the elements that were this band's stock in trade are still present on many of the tracks (off-kilter rhythms, olden-style harmonica for atmosphere, etc.), it strikes me that this one offers a bit more more in the way of harmonies. Can you believe that? Weirdest of all, it actually works pretty well. **RR JERK** can still swing with the best of them, and, like the best of their contemporaries (**Spencer, BASSHOLES, MULE**), manages to take the influence of the last 70 years of American popular music and not end up sounding like a **Jimmie Rodgers** or **Bukka White** tribute band. For that, they should be applauded. It's also nice to see another great band striving for continued sonic growth. They could have easily settled for shtick, but they made the tough choice and are probably better men for having done it. Over the next year, it is very likely you will see and hear many bands mining the same territory **RR JERK** does. It is unlikely you will find that any of them do it with the same finesse. Ramble on, fellas. (**Matador**) C. Fuller.

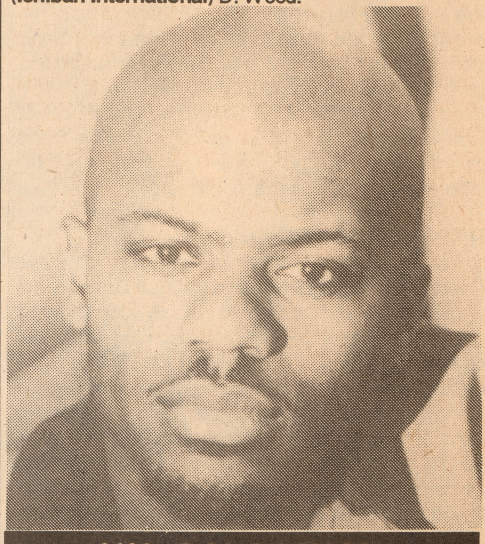
Rythym Pigs

RHYTHM PIGS "el paso" CD
I used to love the **RHYTHM PIGS.** Formed in 1983 and billed as a hardcore band they were above all the cliched punk conventions and, frankly, more talented than most punk bands. After three albums and several US and European tours they called it quits. When **C/Z Records** reissued their first two LPs on one CD they reformed and released **EL PASO**, which is dull. Where are the cool speed-demon guitar licks and hooks and the tighter-than-hell syncopated rhythms? Every song starts out slow and gets faster. The lyrics are okay, even clever, but I don't care `cause the songs aren't memorable. I really want to like it, but I don't. (**Westworld**) Matthew Sahlgren.

ROYAL TRUX "Thank You" LP
Major label debut for the mighty **TRUX** (although apparently **Drag City** has the vinyl rights), and (overall) they come off fairly well. **TRUX** is truly a band now, having added **Dan Brown** (**'68 COMEBACK, JOHNNY HASH**) on bass, as well as a full-time drummer and a "percussionist." The days of yore when **TRUX** was closer to **PUSSY GALORE** than to the **STONES** are long gone by now, but this isn't **BLACK CROWES** for those with unwashed hair, by any stretch of the imagination. Yeah, I suppose it might be a little cleaner than in the past, but if I were honest, **CATS AND DOGS** shouldn't have reminded anyone of the **SHAGGS** either, and there's absolutely nothing wrong with clarity in production (despite what antiquated and wrong-headed indie ethics holds). The only problem I had with the tunes herein is that not enough of the riffs were memorable enough to keep me coming back for additional plays. Don't take that to mean that **THANK YOU** is a total mellow-harsher, however, as "You're Gonna Lose" and "Map of the City" stood out as equals of any of **TRUX's** other great past work. Bottom line is, it's a solid record that shouldn't alienate too much of their fan-base (if they're smart, which I know is expecting a lot from kids these days), while giving them a shot (however slim it may be) for the center ring. Just hope when they come to your town, **Neil** and **Jennifer** can still stand up. (**Virgin/Drag City**) C. Fuller.

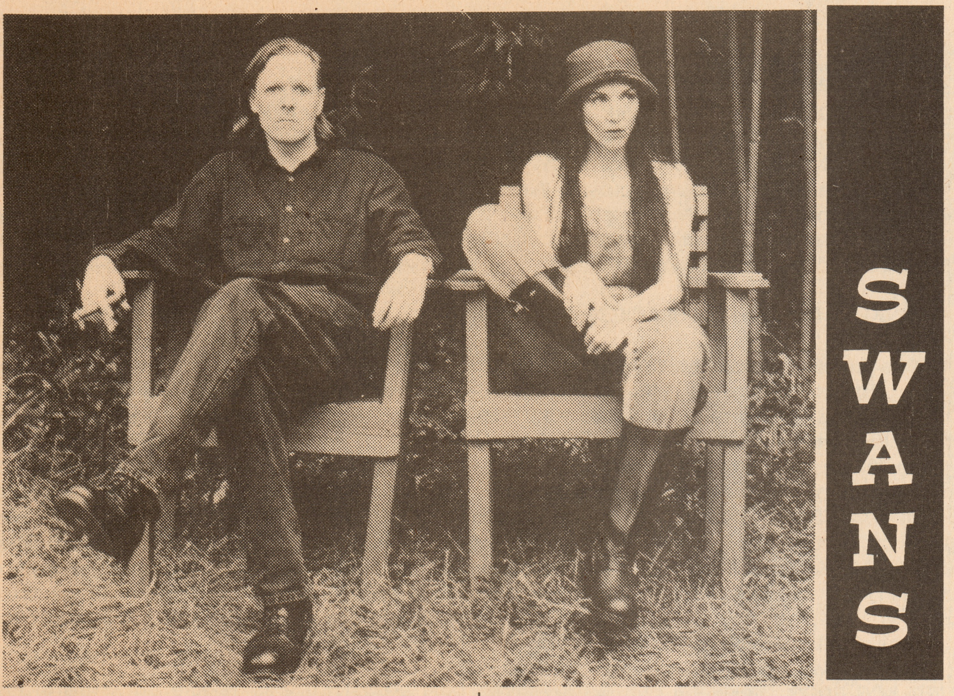
KEVIN SALEM "Soma City" CD
I looked at the cover and said to myself: "This looks a lot like **DON'T TELL A SOUL** by the **REPLACEMENTS**." Then I listened to it, and said: "This sounds a lot like...**THE REPLACEMENTS / Tom Petty / SOUL ASYLUM / Bob Dylan**..." and on and on I just kept babbling to myself.
That said, I should give some credit. The songwriting is really pretty good. The songs themselves are not too bad either. **Salem** did time with **YO LA TANGO, DUMPTRUCK** (ughhh...), **Freedy Johnston**, and has done studio work for a multitude of famous rockers. All the songs are pretty deep, lyrically speaking, and nicely structured and put together musically. Something's just a little off, something that would put this release over the edge. It's just that there's so much more potential here, you get the idea that maybe there was some coaching going on in the studio, maybe some helpful hints here and there that would have been better left unsaid. (**Roadrunner**) Jeff Fike.

KID SENSATION "Seatown Funk" CD
Straight out of Seattle comes **Kid Sensation**, with a combination of '70s soul and smooth laid-back rhymes. The **Kid** was hooked up with booty masta **Sir Mix-A-Lot** before he decided to embark on his own. His first album, **ROLLIN WITH NUMBER ONE**, spawned three hit singles and his second, **THE POWER OF RHYME**, sold over 200,000 copies and had a single, "The Way I Swing," which featured **Ken Griffey Jr.** Not bad at all for a Seattle local, this new one should sell at least that many copies if **Kid Sensation** can get the hype machine rollin'. Not an easy task, good luck. (**Ichiban International**) D. Wood.



KID SENSATION

THE SHAME IDOLS "I Got Time" CD
Goddamnit this is good stuff! It's always nice when I put something into my **Pioneer CLD-990** combination Laserdisc/CD player expecting garbage, and much to my surprise it's really great. Such is the case with this disc by **THE SHAME IDOLS**, who I unfortunately don't know much about. I can tell you about the music, which is reminiscent of 1980s power pop/punk a la **THE DICKIES** and the **RAMONES**, hook laden with harmonic backing vocals. **THE SHAME IDOLS** may be on the edge of wide recognition, tunes like "Superman," "Impossible" and "Split" would be



welcome additions to any radio play list. **Tim Boykin**-vocals and guitar, **Buddy Banks**-bass (naturally), **Bryan Pierce**-guitar and **Jesse Diego Suttle** on da' drums, don't be surprised if ya' hear a lot more regarding **THE SHAME IDOLS**. I mean, Jesus, if there's room for **GREEN DAY** and **BAD RELIGION**, then make for **THE SHAME IDOLS**. This disc has made me happy, no easy task thesedays. (**Frontier**) D. Wood.

SINCOLA "What The Nothinghead Said" CD
Never a lover of "girl music," it is very pleasant to hear a rock outfit with a couple of girls (3) sing about something other than their latest "Mydol Moment." Being a "fair" judge of music, I asked my wife (that's right, I'm married, so all of you smarmy longshoremen can now read this as PAWS OFF my eskimo physique), and **Ms. Mulligan** (or **Skirts Mulligan** as she prefers to be known) says she digs this CD because it doesn't sound girlish or "emotional" as most girl bands tend to sound. This is slowly growing on me, as I am listening to track 10 "sud" as I write this little tome. I dunno, I heard the nasty rumor that this sounded like **TSUNAMI** with balls," but reviewing the line-up, I would be hard pressed to rely upon the ball count as an accurate judge of the "rockability" of this. (**Caroline**) Pants Mulligan.

SONIC YOUTH "Made In USA" CD
I'm an old **SONIC YOUTH** fan and have, in the recent past, been greatly disappointed with their latest creations, so when I received this CD I was highly skeptical, but this lacks some of the annoying things about **SONIC YOUTH**, namely the vocals and ultracorny lyrics. Most of the tracks are slow (made my fast forward finger itch) instrumentals which were made back in '86 for some movie, **MADE IN USA**, I haven't seen. A lot of it sounds like stuff from **EVOL**, some actually are from it, so if you liked that you'll probably like this. What more need be said, ya'll know who **THE SONIC YOUTH** is. (**Rhino**) Dr. Bubo.

STEEL WOOL "Lucky Boy" CD
Mostly unremarkable NW "country-tinged" rock (their label's description, not mine) that has a few moments, but overall failed to inspire a strong reaction out of me one way or the other. Don't get me wrong, it's not hateful or anything, but the tunes just aren't there. My contention is that the Pacific Northwest could stand to see about 9/10 of it's labels and bands go bust. However, that seems unlikely, because there are far too many fools who pay attention to things like geography, when they should really be focusing on the size of the frontman's codpiece. My guess is these guys couldn't fight their way through "Crazy Train" if you spotted 'em 10 notes, and that ought to be all you need to know. (**Empty**) C. Fuller.

STRAPPING YOUNG LAD "Heavy As A Really Heavy Thing" CD
This is a solo effort from singer/guitarist/songwriter **Devin Townsend**, who has evidently worked with some "heavy hitters" like **FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY** and **Steve Vai** (yawn). Is it heavy? Yes, I suppose. Is it unrelenting? That may be stretching it. Is it exuberant and hyperkinetic, as the preposterous press kit says it is? I really couldn't tell you. What it is reminds me of something the legendary psychopathic **Norman "Disco" Bates** once told me. He says to me, "Doogie, you can put a dress on a turd, but in the end, it's still a turd." Nuff said. (**Century Media**) D. Wood.

STUCK MOJO "Snappin' Necks" CD
Good guitar sound, good production...good good good...blah blah blah, it still don't add up to nothin'. **STUCK MOJO** want desperately to add something to the already overstuffed rap/metal genre but apparently have little of interest to contribute. At their top dollar best, they're a neat lil' rock act who could pack any Top 40 nightclub any night of the week. At their worst, they remind me of a bland version of **LIVING COLOR**. Lookout! (**Century Media**) D. Wood.

SWANS "The Great Annihilator" CD
Astounding Beauteous Compelling Dramatic Eruptive Fecund Grand Heady Inclusive Jubillant Keen Lurid Morose Novel Occult Percipient Quirky Resonant Somnolent Tremulous Undiluted Vehement Woebegone Xenogenetic Yowling Zealous. (**Invisible**) M. Bour.

TELEVISION PERSONALITIES "Yes Darling, But Is It Art?" (Early Singles and Rarities) CD
Before all the hoo-ha surrounding the "low-fi" movement, there was a band that was way ahead of it's time. That band was the **TELEVISION PERSONALITIES**. **Daniel Treacy** and company wrote (and still continue to) very catchy pop music. This CD documents **TVPs** from their humble punk rock beginnings until the present. This chronology is presented via their records from 1978 up to and including this release. A slew of bands have cited **Treacy/TVPs** as influences and, after you've listened to this disc, you can understand why. There are too many highlights here to point out, but take my word, there are many songs that you will simply not forget. Not only that, it is also economical. You get 24 songs on one disc! This CD gets my very enthusiastic "thumb's up." (**Seed**) n. bates.

TEST DEPARTMENT "Legacy (1990-1993) The Singles Plus More" CD
Founded in 1981, **TEST DEPARTMENT** were on the forefront of a more raw, minimalist form of industrial music. Their **2 X 12 TEST 2/3 BOX SET** is an excellent example of their uniquely twisted vision, as objects such as metal, wood, barrels and plastic became musical instruments. This new collection of **TEST DEPARTMENT'S** more recent "danceable" material is a different, but equally dark and dysfunctional listen. "Pax Americana (Jihad Dub Edit)," "New World Order" (with nifty **George Herbert Walker Bush** samples) and "Bird Or A Bullet (Thought Mix)" stand right out. Lots of territory to explore on this impressive disc. It's become a real late night treat around here. **TEST DEPARTMENT** continue to push the envelope. (**Cleopatra**) D. Wood.

TRAUMA "Construct" CD
Not being a fan of electronic music left me wide open to the shot I took from **TRAUMA**. This duo, from Hamburg, Germany, has created a surprisingly haunting record. By using "old-fashioned" digital equipment, **Voker Zacharies** and **Hauke Harms**, prove that talented artists (note not musicians) can also come up with a unique world-view translated for us vis-a-vis their compositions. **TRAUMA** follow the well-worn path of predecessors **CLOCK DVA**, **TANGERINE DREAM** and **KRAFTWERK**. The music is a mixture of ambient soundscapes penetrated by electronic pulses, in the form of musical notes, or as the beat, topped off by **Zacharies'** quiet yet powerful vocals. This isn't great, but I've found it intriguing enough to listen to on a regular basis, which is quite an accomplishment nowadays. Check it out for yourself. (**Machinery**) n. bates.

U.K. SUBS "Betrayal 7"
More stuff from **Charlie Harper**, **Nicky Garratt** an' 3 mates who look young enough to be their sons. (A) "Betrayal" Slow Brit-punk, wiff one o' those "everybody sing along" refrains that are oh so popular wiff our cousins from across the briney. (B) More upbeat than (A), more p-rock chanting along wiff **Charlie's** hoarse vox. "Nobody Move" is no bones-about-it punk rock. One o' the notes on the sleeve says that the songs were "written and recorded on 28th December 1994." Why doesn't that surprise me? Yellow vinyl. (**New Red Archives**) n. bates.

UNCARVED BLOCK s/t CD
Holy Stukas does this blow! It blows in a special new way, in a **PRIMUS** kinda way. In a "college student with a backpack" kinda way. In a "**RUSH** are really great musicians" kinda way. In a Kalamazoo kinda way. In a "that schmuck **Brian Bruxvoort** likes it" kinda way. In a "West Michigan, Channel 3 loves you!" kinda way. I swear, as soon as it gets warm enough, I'm gonna go out on my balcony and wait for the first act of stupidity I see (won't take long), and I'm gonna use this here UNSHAVED CROTCH disc as ammo...Frisbee style. I hate people. D. Wood.

USEFUL IDIOT "Waste" 7"
No, I don't mind admitting that I very much enjoy this brand of punk-pop. **USEFUL IDIOT** play the style with touches of ska thrown in and enough originality to keep things extremely interesting. Smokey, low end vocals, which are sung not screamed, wrap nicely in between the choppy guitar and tight drums-bass foundation. The 4 songs on the record are taken from the forthcoming vinyl entitled **URGE**. This 5-person band from the UK, has another 7" out on **Sacro Egoismo Recs**. Both records are very rare in the US. Mail order can be done through the label in Austria, care of **Tiberiju** (see the address listings). (**Sacro Egoismo, El Loco**) Greg Martens.

WELD "Heavens To Mergatroid" CD
Ah...the great Midwest...anger, angst an' **Old Style**. Yep, more skronk from the Heartland, i.e. crank up the d-box an' let 'er rip! This Omaha, Nebraska trio had a self-produced 7" (on **Knob Boy Records**) afore they got **Kramer** to put out this nugget. Sure this kinda stuff's been done before, but the youthful exuberence these youngsters exude is refreshing. None o' the tunes stand out in particular, but taken as a whole this thing rocks. Red line yer speakers an' you'll be head-bobbin'-n-toe-tappin' in no time. Kinda like **ARCWELDER** but less poppy. And no, they didn't get their moniker from **Neil's** double LP. This is a band to keep yer eyes peeled for. (**Shimmy-Boot**) n. bates.

CHERYL WHEELER "Circles & Arrows" CD
Folk with a down-home country flavor - This CD really wasn't my cup o' tea. I hate country twang, but love folk and the clear soothing voice of **Cheryl Wheeler**. This CD expands on the ideas of growing up, falling in love, and other sappy blah, blah, blah. The real turn-off: cow bells, drum machines, and cheesy percussion exercised in the release didn't add to **Cheryl's** talent, but only took away from her musical essence. The track seems over-produced after seeing/listening to her in an acoustic setting. I can say that **Wheeler** projects pure talent with her ability to skillfully fade under her trusty guitar, then powerfully taking control of the song and belting-it-out. This music is simultaneously soulful, rooted and filled with the sort of wild abandon that makes all the right kinds of people sort-of nervous. (**Rounder**) Chris Grosshans.

WILCO "A.M." CD
Sounds alot like **Pavement** on track 5, 6 and well, damn near every track. Elsewhere it rocks in a very standard basic way with downright folksy overtones. Very likeable as a matter of fact. I do get some weird feelings that I'm rolling across the great divide in a tractor trailer but that's so far from the truth that I kinda like it. After a hard day of bashing yer brains on hard edge music, why not unwind and listen to this one, honey? OK then.. (**Sire**) CBH3

WORKDOGS "Old" CD
Another long player by NY City's favorite bluesmen rhythm section, and it's up to the usual standards. Closer in approach to **IN HELL** than **ROBERTA**, because different sidemen appear on each of the 10 cuts, this release still manages to hang together and compose a coherent whole. All the selections are worthwhile listening, and **Rob K** does his usual storytelling/lecturing with typical aplomb (particularly on "Back in the Days," which oughta be a lesson to you kids out there; jus' let ole **Unca Rob** tell ya' 'bout it...). Some of New York's finest are involved with this (**Spencer**, **Marcellus Hall** from **RAILROAD JERK**, **Kurt Hoffman**, etc.), which should clinch the deal for ya'. If that's not enough, you can stare at the cover like I did and try to figure out when **Rob K** decided to become a riverboat gambler. (**Sympathy For The Record Industry**) C. Fuller.

ZUG ISLAND QUARTET "My Island" 7"
I can't say I dislike this record, because it does swing, which can't be said of many of today's fine young entertainers. However, the burning question that runs through my mind about this Ann Arbor band's work is, does **John Brannon** have royalty points on this, or is he just an uncredited "guest?" (**Icon**) C. Fuller.

V/A (KILL THE HIPPIES/BLACKEN SNAPPER) split 7"
Maybe you never realized this little label could pump 'em out, but lord can they ever, 140+ releases in just 6-7 years, financed mostly by one man. **KILL THE HIPPIES** manages to assimilate punk rock accurately, incredibly accurately, in that all of their tracks sound as if they came off of a **Sire/Virgin Records** compilation from 1978. This is the real shit, more punk than anything. If your vision of punk rock is obscured by the imbecilic **SEX PISTOLS** and their ilk, then maybe you ought to hear this. **BLACKEN SNAPPER** manage to pull off a few great songs while fighting the terrors of Down's Syndrome amongst their singer-songwriter. **SNAPPER** drinks of the same tainted water as the **PALACE BROS.**, minus the intelligent lyrics. Real rock, nothing less from these boys raised on nothing but spit and "pity handjobs." Real classy. (**WCFOM**) Pants Mulligan.

V/A "Enchantments" CD
Nifty compilation from the Los Angeles-based **Cleopatra** label, highlighting their roster (and it be a damn fine one) of electro-industrial artists like **LAIBACH, FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY, LEAETHER STRIP, DIGITAL POODLE** and a whole bunch more. Only a couple o' weak tracks on this 77 minute, jam-packed sampler, one of them is the **ELECTRIC HELLFIRE CLUB** track titled, "Night of the Buck Knives," which doesn't seem to fit in with the scheme of things. Happily, there's a cache of highlights including **DIGITAL POODLE**'s "Head of Lenin" and the beat-heavy, harrowing "Die Liebe" by **LAIBACH**. While not exactly my specialty, this is a real nice listen, emphasis on heavy dance beats within a negative context that slaps you around the room like you oughta be. Get it? (**Cleopatra**) D. Wood.

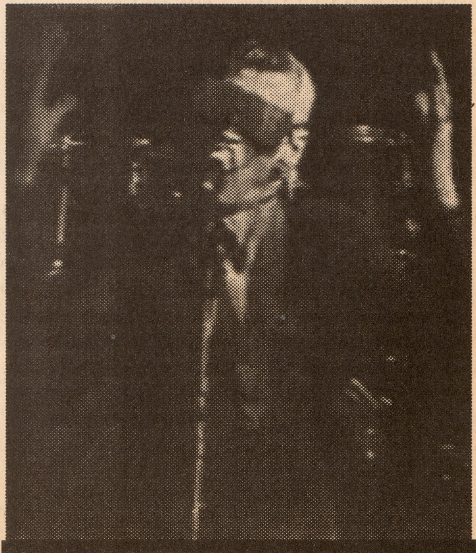
V/A "Please Mr. Foreman" Motor City Blues at the Ann Arbor Blues and Jazz Festival 1973 (from the John Sinclair Audio Archives) CD This 1994 CD, for many, will probably be listed among the "finds of the year." Twenty-one years after this particular installment of the annual festival (which featured **Charlie Mingus, Count Basie, John Lee Hooker, Ray Charles**, and others), this disc is long overdue, and has local blues hounds salivating for more material from the mysterious archives of **White Panther** activist and **MC5** promoter **John Sinclair**. As the title implies, the Motor City's blues are definitely the order of the day. **Washboard Willie, Boogie Woogie Red, Eddie Kirkland, One String Sam** and others are highlighted on this 20 track treasure trove, which features not only 18 songs, but also an eleven and a half minute interview with **Sinclair**. Any fan of authentic Detroit blues should grab this one, and keep an eye on future **Sinclair/Schoolkid's** releases. (**Schoolkid's**) Jeff Fike.

V/A (MS. BLISS/NAMING MARY) split 7"
Some kind of spacey stuff apparently from Ann Arbor. **NAMING MARY** presents an exquisite instrumental, "Stardriver," that is almost like later **SAVAGE REPUBLIC** or even **SPACEMEN 3**. **MS. BLISS** falls in with "Coming in Waves" that is more so, almost **T. REX**-ish. A fine debut for this label. (**Wintermute**) Richard Bowser.

V/A (CHERUBS/SLUG) split 7"
Trance Syndicate's CHERUBS do their usual Texas-style "New York noise" an' lay it on thick. You could say, with all truthfulness, that "girth" best describes their sound. **SLUG**. WOW! This side o' the single hurts! **SLUG** come at you from over the top an' proceed to bludgeon you with their lead-laden sound. Get this! (**No Lie**) n. bates.

V/A "Uno" 12"
This is the first release from this new Kalamazoo label, **Checker Records**, hence the title of the compilation. It does an excellent job of collecting a bunch of great bands, all from the underground K-zoo scene, including the most misunderstood band I know of, **THE DECONSTRUCTION**. It also features **INOURSELVES, LOCKHEED ELECTRA** (with former **VINE** vocalist), **FLETCHER** and **JIHAD**. There isn't really a loser on the LP. Musically it ranges from melodic, sing-a-long punk to grating, gravelly hardcore. Comes with a neat little booklet. A fine buy for only $6.00! (**Checker**) Greg Martens.

V/A AMBIENT VOIDS "Technicians of Space" CD
I think this is music which should allow one to sit back, dream, relax, get high, be mellow and visualize space. Travel through the vast complexes that exist in your mind (if you have any). Be careful you might fall asleep. Certainly this music is most enjoyed on mind altering drugs, but is decent even for a straight head. The problem with the "ambient" sound is much of it sounds alike, and has a tendency to go towards light or fruity sounds (why can't there be dramatic frightening ambient music?). You'd think that with all the electronic crap these people can get their hands on, they could accomplish something a little more unique. Anyway if you like the basic model of ambient music you'll like this. Some of the bands on this sampler are pretty good, for instance **KLANGE** (although this is a poor representative of their work), **OB1's Fungus Magicus at P.9, CLUSTER** and **Eno** do some work which seems typical of **Eno's** newer projects. **Nik Turner** (from **HAWKWIND**) does some stuff which has Middle Eastern samples overlayed with synth and flute which turns out nicely. **VIRTUALIZER** ends with a track that barely fits the ambient category, this is more of a dance song. Some of the poorer tracks are done by **SYNAETHESIA, YNOS** and **ZERO GRAVITY CLUB** (sounds like bad **KRAFTWERK**). (**Hypnotic**) Dr. Bubo.


NIK TURNER

Bruce Greenwood & Elias Koteas embrace in "Exotica"

EXOTICA (R)

I recently heard Canadian film maker **Atom Egoyan** discussing his very fine, impressive new film, **EXOTICA**, with **Terry Gross** on the National Public Radio program **"Fresh Air,"** the two briefly talked about one of **Egoyan's** previous films, **THE ADJUSTER**, which follows an insurance claims adjuster through a bizarre series of circumstances. **Gross** also asked **Egoyan** what **EXOTICA** is really about, beneath the film's surface. **Egoyan** replied flatly,

"EXOTICA is about not trusting experiences."

The film is also about emotional desperation in many different forms, about not revealing oneself, devising your own personal therapy. The story centers around a gentlemen's club called "Exotica," and specifically about one of the regulars, who at first seems interested for the usual reasons. But slowly it's revealed that Francis, played attentively by **Bruce Greenwood**, who may be best remembered from TV's **ST. ELSEWHERE**, is deeply troubled. As the film progresses, **Egoyan** displays what has become one of his most appealing traits as a director, slowly peeling back layer after layer, revealing the plot as we go along. Francis is especially attracted to one of the Exotica dancers, Christina, who does a school-girl routine, and regularly receives the table dances hawked by the club DJ, played nicely by **Elias Koteas**. This DJ is part carnival barker/part psychotherapist, enticing the patrons to buy table dances one minute, breaking down the psychology of the club the next. **Koteas** nails the role on target, reminding me of the **Harvey Keitel** character in **TAXI DRIVER**, Sport. Every time he addresses the club from his booth, he gives the film a burst of energy, propelling it in all the right directions.

Christina does her school-girl routine to **Leonard Cohen's** "Everybody Knows," which in and of itself is a dichotomy. Everyone in the film knows all of these things about each other, but no one talks about them.

EXOTICA is an emotionally raw film, uneasy and laden with plot twists and mystery. Exploring people's fears of intimacy is not easy ground to tread upon, but **Egoyan** steps perfectly through this emotional minefield, creating a fascinating exploration of what makes people tick. He's also created the truly great movie of 1995. Starring: **Bruce Greenwood, Mia Kirshner and Elias Koteas**. *Directed by Atom Egoyan.*

D. Wood.

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JURY DUTY

(PG-13)

Upon seeing **JURY DUTY**, the latest comedy featuring **Pauly Shore**, I've really got a sense of closure. I've seen all of the **Shore** films, including **ENCINO MAN, SON-IN-LAW, IN THE ARMY NOW**...yep I've seen 'em all. Embarassed to admit it, but it's the truth.

This latest, **JURY DUTY**, is as loathsome, uninteresting, cliche ridden, unimaginative a film as I expect to see this year, and my tolerance for **Pauly Shore** has been completely worn through.

Mr. Shore's film career is one of the most curious wonders of our time. The way I figure it, the fact that his mother, **Mitzi**, runs the **Comedy Store** in Los Angeles, probably has everything to do with his stand-up career. I have no problem with **Pauly Shore's** stand-up routines and his frequent appearances on **MTV** as **"the Weez,"** although I personally don't think that particular schtick is all that funny, it's more than appropriate on television. But the part that I cannot fathom, what I will never understand, is how and why he was allowed to make feature films.

His first film, **ENCINO MAN**, was one of the worst films of that year, the only bright spot being the debut of a new actor, **Brendan Frasier**, who has gone on to some decent films and has wisely distanced himself from **the Weez**. Of all of **Shore's** films, his second, **SON-IN-LAW**, probably came the closest to actually being funny. Not because of **Shore**, but because of a good supporting cast who spent the entire film reacting to **Shore's** moronic character and commenting on what a goof he was. Close, but still under the mark. His third picture, the completely slapped together **IN THE ARMY NOW**, was a total waste of time, no imagination, nothing new. In fact, the writers and director evidently got the message that these **Shore** films don't need fresh ideas or a script, just the presence of **the Weez** on the screen is all his brain dead fans require. I guess they're right.

It doesn't surprise me there's an audience who will pay to see these movies. What does shock me is their loyalty. They continue to show up, film after film, shelling out their money when **Pauly Shore** has not yet made a good film. Compared to, say, **DUMB AND DUMBER, JURY DUTY** just lays there on the screen. Look at the two pictures side by side, see if you don't agree.

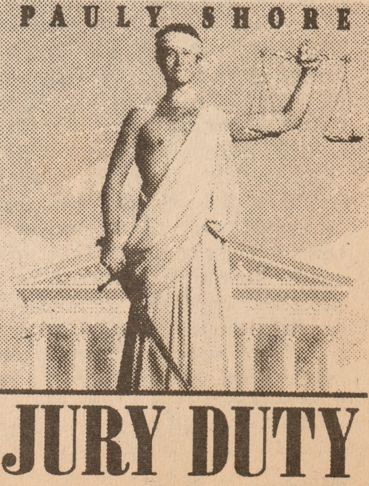
I also wonder, this may be something his fans couldn't care less about, does the audience realize **Shore** cannot act? I mean it's amazing, he utters each of his lines as though he's reading them off a cue card he's holding in the palm of his hand. I've noticed it's getting worse with each film, maybe it's part of his act, and I don't get the joke.

Not long ago, **Senator Alphonse "The Bigot" D'Amato** (R-New York), got himself in hot water for making some incredibly racist comments regarding the **O.J. Simpson** trial judge, **Lance Ito**, on the nationally syndicated **Don Imus** radio program. **Pauly Shore** goes **D'Amato** one or two better at the end of **JURY DUTY**, ha...ha...ha, throw in a few bigoted jokes. Isn't it funny?

JURY DUTY will probably make a nice little profit for the studio, and the video release will up the mark even further. Undoubtedly there will be more inane, worthless **Pauly Shore** films, with an audience of brain dead fans eagerly awaiting their arrival. They'll sit there in the theater laughing like they're watching a television sitcom, and when people wonder why so few good films get made any more, I'll point to the **Pauly Shore** films and their tidy little profits in disgust.

Starring: **Pauly Shore, Tia Carrare, Charles Napier, Shelly Winters** and **Abe Vigoda**. Directed by **John Fortenberry**.

D. Wood.



★★★★★

FIVE-STAR FILMS FOR THE MONTH

by EJ Hamacher

For the Curious:

Jan Svankmajer's FAUST

You wonder. You do. Every morning you want to know the date, the time. You want to know what the headlines say. You wonder what everyone is looking at. You look for yourself. You slow down by accidents. You listen in on people's conversations. If someone handed you a map with an X on it, you would wonder where it was. You are Faust. We are all Faust. We are **Svankmajer's** Faust, especially. The person that shuffles home from work, shuffles through their mail and plops down in front of leftovers. The person that would try on a wig if there was one on the table. The person that would read a script if it was laying under the wig. **Jan Svankmajer's FAUST** is the one and the same curious myth that has traveled through folklore, plays and novels to deliver up a temptation to lure even the most pious among us. Would you sell your soul to the devil for the answers to life and the universe?

I won't pretend to know some vast storehouse of background information about **Jan Svankmajer**. Like anyone who's seen his films, I know he has utterly and completely mastered the art of animation. He blows a godly breath of life into anything he films. Flashes of expression and emotion pass over the painted static faces of his wood puppets. Food - dancing, rotting, crushing, re-grouping - it looks back strangely at you as you move in for the kill. Clay forms live, breath, speak, and mutate with a greater feeling and expression than most of our film stars could muster up. The walls and floors suddenly break open into gaping wounds, then just as suddenly, heal up again without a scar. You are never surprised to find that every single object has a hidden life all it's own. For **FAUST, Svankmajer** has used everything at his disposal to update the myth without losing any of the **Baron Munchhausen**-type staging of the traditional folk story. **Svankmajer's** everyman Faust is tricked through curiosity and surrealist cunning to take on the role of the insatiable scholar. Lured to a stage in the middle of an abandoned building, the everyman becomes a puppet in the hands of the greatest puppeteer. Guided and couseled by angels and devils, the new Faust continually rejects his role only to be led back time and again by his curiosity. He can't help but look through closed doors, fit keys into rusting locks, or read further into the script. Essentially,, **Svankmajer** has captured the very essence of the tale. I don't want to go into too many details. Do you want me to give it all away? You're curious. Good, I like that.

You may hear, if you hear any blurbs about **Svankmajer**, that he hails from Prague and that he has all these things in common with another Prague resident, **Franz Kafka**. Don't really expect any dark Kafkaesque themes to surface in **Svankmajer's** work. This vague connection is only drawn from the fact they both use fantastic means to make their points. Being from Europe only ensures that the film will look old. European films are dirty, their paint peels, the doors creak. **FAUST**'s puppets are as ancient as the tale itself, but don't be discouraged. The age adds to the mystery of the adventure, as if someone was opening a dusty tomb for the first time. Not to mention **Svankmajer** has a tremendous sense of humor about everything. The puppets go to the bathroom, copulate, murder, dress up like women, and ride in the taxi. **FAUST** is probably treated more lightly than ever before - you're encouraged to laugh knowingly at screaming damned souls.

If this film catches your fancy, **Svankmajer** has made another equally entertaining film called **ALICE**, released in 1988. It follows another human lead through an imagination landscape loosely arranged around **Lewis Carroll's** book. I felt lonely when the film ended - I never had dolls like these to play with when I was a kid. For the true fan, there's also a short film collection out called **ALCHEMIST OF THE SURREAL** that covers the late '60s and '70s period of **Svankmajer's** work. Of course a film maker doesn't need to pander to anyone in the short field medium (can't you sit still for 15 minutes?), so these films stretch **Svankmajer's** themes to more extremes. Don't miss the dance of the ornamental switch blade in **JABBERWOCKY**, or the jealous, murderous version of Punch and Judy in the film of that name. You're curious. Good I like that.

DOING WITHOUT

by Scott Joyner.

It is sometimes the fate of people of no small talent in their own right to be overshadowed by someone far greater. **AMADEUS**, of course, showed that poor Salieri with his decent, inoffensive little compositions was totally outgunned by the great genius of Mozart. **Scott Kovalchek's DOING WITHOUT** attempts, and succeeds mightily, in doing the same for Louis XVIII and Napoleon.

Kovalchek made a string of historical films in the Sixties, and was appreciated widely because of his feeling for terrain in battle scenes and some intensive, angular camera work. **KING FOR A DAY** and **BABBITT'S WARREN** were especially well received.

This is **Kovalchek's** first film venture in nearly twenty years and a little bit of cinematic rust would not have been surprising. But **Kovalchek** manages to avoid clumsiness entirely, due largely to his fine cast. **Woody Allen** as Louis is quite good, especially considering some of the doggish work he has done under the direction of others (**LINGERING DEATH** or **IN THE GLOAMING**). In fact, this is the best acting that **Allen** has done in many years and is probably due to **Kovalchek's** historical vision. **Allen** dispenses with whimpering and portrays Louis as a strong man done out of his birth-right by a stronger one. Louis has been looking over his shoulder in fear of Napoleon all his life, and looking with envy. Especially poignant is the scene when Louis is forced to leave Paris (Napoleon has escaped from Elba and draws near) and does not realize until it is too late that he has left his favorite slippers at the Tuileries, where the Upstart will surely find them. Louis says to Marshal MacDonald, "What I regret most are my bedroom slippers. They'd taken the shape of my feet."

Stephen Fry, of **Jeeves and Wooster** fame, and **Jennifer Bel**, the former French child-actress, steal a couple of scenes each, as George III and Marie-Louise, Napoleon's wanton second wife. It is high drama indeed to see George III, Marie-Louise and Talleyrand (**Avery Schreiber**) plot to split the fortune they are convinced Napoleon has hidden away.

But not surprisingly, the great Napoleon has fooled them and everybody else in the film. Though he makes no appearance, the Usurper hangs heavily over every scene and goes to his doom only when Marshal Ney betrays his hiding place after the defeat at Waterloo. The final scene has Napoleon's Imperial Guard fighting valiantly from inside his cave-lair at Roubaix. And we hear Napoleon's voice (furnished by **Gerard Depardieu**) violently cursing the "perfidious Albion and the traitor Ney."

Starring: **Woody Allen, Stephen Fry, Jennifer Bel** and **Avery Schreiber.** Directed by **Scott Kovalchek.**

(This film has not been released in the US. I found a copy through **Arvoy-Mickey Foreign Video** in Ann Arbor.)

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EARLY '70S HARD ROCK

By C. Fuller

One of the great cultural lies pushed in the last decade or so is that the 1970s, particularly the early part of the decade, was a barren wasteland musically speaking, until Punk came along to save Rock and Roll from its own excesses. This is patently false, and should be readily apparent to anyone with even a meager understanding of what makes rock good and worthwhile. Most people today will admit to liking **Zep** or **Sabbath**, mostly because **Sub Pop**, **SST** and others made it "hip" again. There was far more to that period than those two bands, or the few others that get thrown in with them (**DEEP PURPLE**, the **Alice Cooper** band, the Southern rock bands, etc.). In fact, I'd argue that few periods in rock's history have equalled the first four years of that decade for sheer number of interesting and/or great rock bands. The purpose of this piece is to hip you to some of the better ones you don't know about.

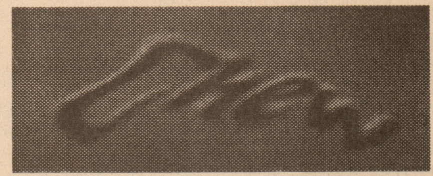
WHITE WITCH - Described by **Joe Carducci** in his book <u>Rock and the Pop Narcotic</u> (a must read for anyone who is even mildly interested in rock) as "a great American grotesquery," **WHITE WITCH** was a Southern band that didn't really fit within the proscribed "Southern rock sound" of the period. In fact, **WHITE WITCH** was more evocative of **Cooper** than anything else, but still retained a uniqueness about them that stands the test of time. Listen to **A SPIRITUAL GREETING**, and tell me you've ever heard anything quite like that. **Ronn Goedert** had an amazing voice (which usually doesn't matter so much in rock terms, but here it only helps) that verged on anticipating **Axl Rose**. The rest of the band only occasionally strays into freakerdom, particularly on **SPIRITUAL**, which was the second and more consistent album. If it matters, **Ronn** tells you all about rich people dying (and nobody shows up at the funeral, 'cause, you know, they weren't nice), the Anti-Christ and teenage fashion trends in the Twenty-First century. I keep holding out some deluded hope that someone will discover a vault filled with unreleased material, but I wouldn't hold my breath, so why should you?

BLACK OAK ARKANSAS - Most people, if they know anything at all about this band, know the later, less compelling material, such "Jim Dandy." This band peaked really early, and was virtually worthless by their third record. However, the first studio release and the live record are incredibly great albums. **Jim Dandy Mangrum** has a world-beating Southern growler's voice that, as in **Ronn Goedert's** case with **WHITE WITCH**, adds another element to the mix that most bands don't have. **BLACK OAK ARKANSAS** was a band comprised of chops-oriented guys, and it ended up being their downfall. On the first one, however, they're restrained enough to make the whole thing work wonderfully. "Hot and Nasty," "Lord, have mercy on my soul," and "Uncle Lijah" are ass-kickingly great jams, and there's more where those came from (the whole record is worth hearing). The live album features some material off the first record, plus some other gems like "Feelin' Kinda Cocky." If you're living right, you'll get a deed to a tiny piece of property in Black Oak, Arkansas just like I did, along with the record. The generosity of a man like **Jim Dandy Mangrum** is a very special thing indeed.

DUST - This band featured **Marc Bell**, later **Marky Ramone**, on drums as it's most noteworthy member. A power trio that was a rough East Coast equivalent to high energy bands like the **MC5**, **DUST** kicked up a little on their self-titled debut and the follow up, **HARD ATTACK**. Although they occasionally made an ill-advised left turn into Chopsville, for the most part this band rocked with an insistent energy and drive. Well worth seeking out and hearing.

LUCIFER'S FRIEND - A bunch of Krauts backing a Yankee, this group released one amazing LP in the early '70s. The sound varied, at times bordering on prog-rock (closer to **HAWKWIND** than **YES**), and elsewhere venturing closer to a Detroit sound. It works for the most part. Most of the songs jam to good effect, and, although they might be a bit overlong, I'll bet you can run at the mouth a little bit as well. AVOID the record released in the late '70s however. I've never actually heard this one, but the cover alone haunts me late at night.

I'll leave it at that for now, but suffice it to say there are many more more where these came from (first **UFO** record, both **AMON DUULS**, **PINK FARIES**, on and on and on...) Sometimes these babies'll cost ya', but if you're persistent, you can get lucky.



Black Olive Tempenade
by Carl Hoch

So your having guests and you wanna impress them with something fancy? Try this lil' number and blow their socks off...

1 Can o' Black Olives
1 Small Bottle a' Capers
4 Cloves of Garlic (Fresh only, baby)
2-4 oz. Dry Red Wine
Black Pepper & Salt to taste
1 long loaf of bread (2" dia.)

Crush garlic, peel skins and chop coarsely. Combine everything (except the bread) in a blender or food processor and hit the button! Stop and stir occasionally to get the scum to slide down into the grinder. Watch those fingers! The end result should be a mud colored puree which is quite tasty. Cut the bread into slices about 1/4" wide and toast them lightly on both sides under the broiler. Make sure you wear your fancy duds and serve this one on that wacky 60's platter you got at the mission store last week.

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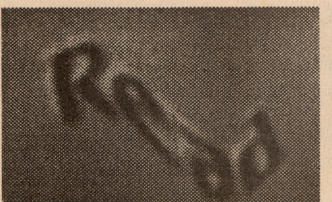

SPACE DAZE

Dave Thompson

Cleopatra 1994 147pp $14.95

As the title suggests, this is a survey of the history of "space rock," from it's earliest proponents, such as **Hawkwind** and **Pink Floyd** to new tastemakers like **The Orb** and **Ozric Tentacles**. This is an interesting piece of work, and it has much to recommended it, but my main beef is that **Thompson** seems to see connections between the good and bad artists covered here which are, in my mind, tenuous at best. You can talk all you want about **Dave Brock's** appreciation for Acid House, but at the end of the day, it doesn't mean that his band and **The Orb** or **KLF** share anything besides an appreciation for similar hallucenogens. **Hawkwind** was a rock band, and often, a heavy rock band, while the others are not rock musicians, or even bands at all (can you be "space rock" if you don't play rock? **Thompson** seems to say "affirmative."). **Hawkwind**, early **Floyd**, **Amon Duul** (both of them), **Gong**, **Can**, **UFO** and others mentioned here were great not because they wrote lyrics like fried **Carl Sagan's**, but because they played a physical, dynamic rock music that often demonstrated a real pushing of the musical envelope, speaking in rock/band terms. It is often the unfortunate result of "genre" obsessed approaches that the good is rendered equivalent to the bad, because the style is deemed more important (for defining work as worthwhile) than the actual substance of the playing. I feel that is **Thompson's** main fault in this book.

That said, it should be mentioned that I think this is worthwhile for anyone interested in any of the aforementioned bands, because it gives a historical perspective to these bands, many of whom are little-known to most music fans. Honestly, how many people reading this now have even heard of **Amon Duul** or **Amon Duul II**, never mind actually HEARD them? **Thompson** gives a fairly detailed accounting of most of these groups, and so this may prove to be enlightening for many who wish to find out more about these mysterious and often confusing bands and their histories. Also, the photos included are great. The **Captain Bob Calvert** picture is almost worth the price of admission itself. Finally, **Thompson** helpfully includes a discography for all bands discussed, and this could be useful in tracking down many of these hard to find releases. Apparently, **Cleopatra** also released a companion double CD set to this book, which might be a useful primer to the uninitiated. C. FULLER.

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Brilliant. Absolutely brilliant. Der **Iggy Pop** shtory vas voondahvah! San Diego blues, a hoot! The piece on **Bootsey X...er...Bob Mulrooney** was cool. **Myers** an' **Metcalf** are my heroes. #6 is a classic kids, so snag one today! n. bates.

DIY COMICS by Greg Martens

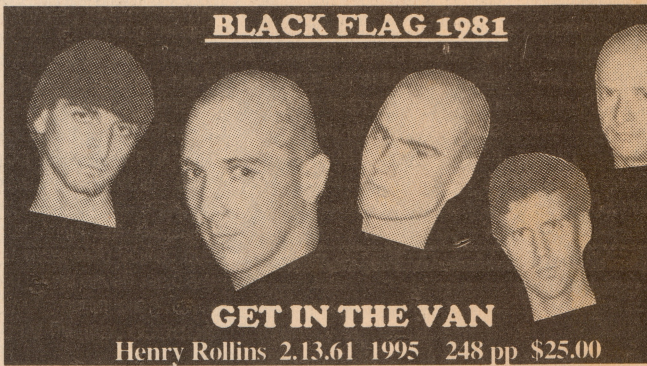
Yes, DIY and punk ethics can be applied to almost anything. Just take a hard look into your community to find examples, then provide them with your support. They exist and provide flavor to our bland everyday lives. I was delighted to discover these two fine local works:

STEWIE

I laughed out loud the instant I opened this and began to read the "bio" info of the main character, **Stewie**. He's a wanderer who resides in Sludge, Michigan and lives off of the money he earned as a teenaged **GRIT** salesman (remember those ads in comics for selling **GRIT**?). The drawing in **STEWIE** is simple, but the focus on subtle details is hilarious. In issue #1, **Stewie** and a friend, **Monica**, decided to form a band and audition a bunch of interesting music-type folks in the process. Issue #2 follows the new band while they pick a name (chosen from the many suggestions that the readers sent in) and play their first show. Issues of **STEWIE** are free, if you can find them. If not, join the **Stewie Fun Club** by sending $2 to: **STEWIE** c/o **Leon Chase** 211 Ballard #2, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197

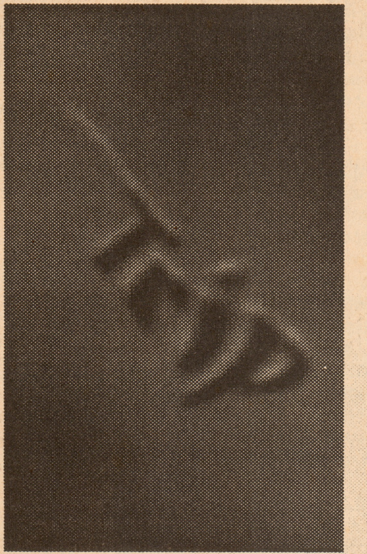
DOOCHISUCK

The issue of **DOOCHISUCK** I read was pretty intense. The artist uses black and white to create images of stark contrast. The main character, **Koolkat** (who sports a chained wallet), wants to take off from college to live simply in the mountains, but through interaction with a narrator, is shown all of the links which bind **Koolkat** to stay. Once society breaks **Koolkat**, he goes on a scary, wigged out dream-like sequence to Las Vegas filled with vice. Later, **Koolkat** realizes the goodness of his own humble world. I think many issues of **DOOCHISUCK** have been created and are free, but to be sure contact: **DOOCHISUCK** P.O. Box 7517, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48107



Subtitled "**On the Road with Black Flag**," **Rollins** herein documents the period of the band's existence in which he was the frontman (1981-86). Suffice it to say that, as anybody reading this probably knows, **Black Flag** was possibly THE most significant rock band the 1980s spawned. This is the case for two reasons. First, the music itself was (at least at **Flag's** peak) some of the most physical and jarring versions of rock ever produced. A lot of this is due to **Greg Ginn**, but everybody involved (including an amazing string of competent drummers; who would have thought one band could find that many, given the overall scarcity?) had a part to play, and **Rollins**, despite the occasionally overblown "man in pain" routine, was a pretty dynamic frontman. Second, and this is all too often overlooked, when **Flag** moved beyond hardcore (if they were ever really simply that and nothing else, which I would dispute), it had a profound effect on rock across the entire country. If you weren't there at the time, it might be hard to imagine how much controversy a little long hair or a few tasteful **Ginn** solos could stir up. **Flag** was, at their best, a synthesis of "Sabbathian" heaviness with hardcore's "high energy" approach. The **Black Sabbath** part is what bogued some highs at the time, and **Rollins** tells you all about it in this diary (the lengthy legal battle, that caused the long delay between **DAMAGED** and **MY WAR**, is unfortunately not gone into in any detail, but this was the period when **Black Flag** really started to flex it's muscle). However, others let **Flag** take the hits for them, but followed suit and broadened their musical approach from the omnipresent polka-beat, three-chords-and-a-crowd-of-baldies routine that HC had become by the early '80s. Did **Flag** save rock? Probably not, but they did make it a whole lot easier for others coming from the same general milieu to make things semi-interesting again.

As for **Rollins** himself, everybody knows where he's coming from these days, so I need not enlighten anyone about that. Suffice it to say that I could really respect his "hardest working man on **MTV**" act a little more if he talked about it a little less. Even if you can't deal with his schtick, this is a worthy purchase, if for no other reason than it's thorough documentation of a truly trailblazing bunch of musicians. C. FULLER.



AROUND ANN ARBOR

by Jeff Fike

GETTING AROUND

Ann Arbor's mass transit system consists of buses and um... well, that's it. So chances are you'll find yourself walking, biking, or driving your way around town. For those of you who choose the greenest of these modes and decide to hoof it, fear not!, venture out into the streets with the reckless abandon that most residents do. Cross anywhere, meet friends in the intersections, and malinger at crosswalks, you see, you lucky walker, you, this is a pedestrian town. We have the right of way, anywhere, anytime. The right to walk as you choose has been upheld here in the district courts on numerous occasions. You'll see young and old, quick footed and turtle paced pedestrians wandering the streets at just about anytime, hoping to avoid the hustle and bustle of the sidewalks.

FOOD ETC.

Flatfoot it over to South University for a quick bite at the **Rendezvous** restaurant. Featuring rooftop seating, and a solarium that doubles as a smoker's refuge, this joint serves up loads of veggie fare as well as heartier dishes like a meat pie in filo pastry that is super rich. Most of the items come in around a buck or two and they've got all kinds of stuff that screams eclectic. **Casa Dominick's** also features outdoor seating, and, more importantly, beer. This is the primo place in town to sit and watch the wheels go round and round. Kick back, grab a pizza and a few pitchers, and let the fun begin. **Big City Bakery**, with two locations (500 Miller Ave, 1030 Broadway), supplies many of the uppercrust restaurants, cafes, and bake shops with their baked goods. Walk into the bakery on any day and you're likely to catch a whiff of freshly baked breads, cookies, cakes or other sweet delights. The prices are right on, and everything is fresh. **Panchero's** (on S. University) has some of the best Mexican food in town, from traditional fare like tacos and enchiladas to the El Gordo 2 lb. burrito. Take your appetite to this joint where they prepare everything right in front of you. Plus, if your travels take you to lovely E.Lansing, you can enjoy **Panchero's** there too, and both locations are open late night for you barflies.

SHOPPING

The Spot (N. Fourth Ave) is the newly opened brain child of Ann Arbor native **Tim Baker**. Long a fixture as a DJ on the techno/rave scene, **Baker** launched the phenomenally successful **Elephanthaus** clothes line a few years back, and now the shop. **The Spot** carries tons of skatewear and ravewear from many different design houses, including **Elephanthaus**. Hats, caps, stickers, patches, and lots of other neat stuff can be found in the case by the entry way, as well as some ultrasmooth reads, inc yours truly, **ETCH**.

LOCALS ONLY 2

So you're bored, you decide "Hey, I'll go out, catch some music." To you're dismay, none of the music avail to you seems all that familiar. Well, it's back kids, more local bands encapsulated to five or six words to try and help you make up your mind.

THE CULT HEROES - After a couple years r and r, these guys are back. Enigmatic frontman **Hiawatha Bailey** will entertain and perhaps amuse, if nothing else. The music is a gritty early eighties sort of punk/hard rock type deal. Big with the old rock n roller crowd.

GALEN - Hailing from Brighton, **GALEN** is into oboe and guitars. Bordering on jazzy, they bring too many musical influences to the table to even attempt pigeonholing. Crazy and fun, chicken scratch haywire cathartic cacophony are some of the words that might describe a typical show.

Scot Morgan - **SCOT'S PIRATES** is the name of this A2 rock vets newest project. **Morgan** has worked with all the right people, scored big in Europe, and basically done it all. He puts on a good show, too. Heavy, rootsy blues, to hard rocking soul and straight ahead rock n roll highlight his shows.

THE BUCKET - Comprising former members of **GROOVE SPOON, HECKLE & JIVE** and other A2/E. Lansing groups, **THE BUCKET** goes for that bass driven funk. **FUNKADELIC** and **PRINCE** covers as well as dancey groovey originals are what this umpteen member self described "superfunk" band does best, so shake yo' butt, baby.

LUCKY HASKINS - Gotta love this band's name. Rockabilly, and rockabilly, and really good rockabilly.

LIVE SPOTS

The (Ypsi) Taproom located on Michigan Ave in the heart of scenic Ypsilanti brings you blues and brews. From open mic nights to electric and acoustic jam sessions and shows, this old fashioned tavern rarely charges cover and has some of the best blues this side of the car city. Make sure and pack a charge card or two, as their drink prices are designed to keep the idlers out on the street.

WALK AMONG US

by Debbie Waloon

There rides Muskegon, a boil on the ass of the lakeshore. A once-thriving port made and destroyed by the lumber trade of the 1800's, Muskegon now hosts a handful of architectural wonders, miles of pothole riddled streets and, lo-and-behold, a motel converted into a minimum security prison. Continual news flashes of prison breaks have long ceased to surprise citizens - after all, prisoners are probably just heading home for a militia meeting. Two-thirds of the population of this forsaken city consists of the meanest jackasses ever to close their eyes, point to a map of Southern Florida and break down in one of the abandoned **Delta 88's** now dotting the landscape ten miles out of town.

Being born there, at **Muskegon General Hospital** (rumored to be another motel), I bawled amongst the unclaimed babies until my mother took me home to Oak Avenue. Later, after we moved, we'd drive by our former two-story house (now miraculously one-story), and stealthily lock our cars as we watched the fifty people on our front porch watching us. I went to **Angell School**. My head was sliced open with a tin shovel in the pit of sand out back. Coincidentally, they no longer allow grades K-6 to carry metals tools. I spent the better part of a day in the wrong building, Special Education. **Irving**, a boy who stuffed modeling clay up his ass, shut himslef in the "special" bathroom trying to expel it.

The city itself was a benign place for a child. There were statues to climb on and **Mr. Quik** hamburgers to build strong bones. And when I became a teenager, there was **Muskegon Mall**. Burnouts in their early thirties tried to move on girls my age with invites to sit with them in the parking lot. The mall record store employed a higher caliber of burnout, wearing skinny ties and stroking skinnier mustaches. In a long glass case by the register was a dazzling array of patches, hunting knives and feathery roach clips, in case you couldn't wait for the next fair to pass through. My best friend's father catered the backstage buffet at **L.C. Walker Arena** when **CHEAP TRICK** played there. I remember **Bun E. Carlos** eating a ham sandwch and asking us what we did for a good time.

A better venue for live music was the **Ice Pick**. The walls released a mixture of depression and odor from the paper mill (an evocative smell, akin to sweating through a suit made of carbon paper). The **Ice Pick** supposedly earned it's name from a run-in between an unfortunate thief and the owner of the corner store. In high school, I drove my brother's **El Camino** to a show and a gang of kids jumped in the bed waving sticks and bottles. In a state of reminisce, I called what I thought to be the former location...

- "Hello?"
- "Hello, is this the **Ice Pick**?"
- "(Mumble, mumble), you comin' over?"
- "**Ice Pick**?"
- "What's that?"
- "Is anyone playing this week?"
- "Aw...well, **Eddie** (something) he was here. You comin' over?"
- "Is this 773-$@*#?"
- "Fuck you, who's this? This you, Eddie?"

Last I'd heard, there's few if any places to see bands unless at bars like **Paddy's Pub** or **Duke's Saloon**. Both have local groups play weekends - most likely the burnouts from the mall or inmates from the motel. For a succinct tour of nightlife, drive through the **Heights** (kind of like the TV show, but all black actors) and see liquor store, liquor store, vacant lot, **Chicken Coop**, lot, liquor store. Stay in your car. Drive an innocuous sedan, beat to hell, and don't stop for gas. Or you might get beat to hell.

If you're a Muskegon resident reading this, thinking I'm full of shit, tell me if you can bypass this checklist:

[ ] I live in North Muskegon/Norton Shores - church, church, antique shop, quaint "eatery," church. I only drive into town to visit poor relations.

[ ] I live with my extended family, all my in-laws, second and third cousins, their pets, in a Wolf Lake mobile home with 14 additions to the original structure.

[ ] Just passing through - staying at the **Harbor Hilton** where the bellhops double as pinboys at **Northway Lanes** and the maids dance nights at **Paddy's Pub**.

[ ] Too young to leave home - drink lots of your parents' liquor RIGHT NOW and listen to **ROCK 101.7** in the hope they'll play that funny **WEEZER** song again.

[ ] I live in a delirium. I bowl five nights a week, work at an autobody shop, have sons named **Cody** and **Caleb** who are motorcycle ice racers.

[ ] I'm sick. I can't get out of bed. I shoved clay up my ass as a child and can no longer pass anything.

...You get the keys to the city if several segments of your life resemble those above.

No, there is nothing redeeming about Muskegon, but luckily, there's no real reason to go there. Born in Muskegon, die in Muskegon, unless you bet a fiddle of gold against your soul to get the fuck out. Me, I'm still waiting for Satan.

From Leon Abramowitz, King of the Mailroom.

HEY KIDS!!! *Wanna get* ***ETCH*** *delivered to yer doorstep? If so sign up fer a subscription. For a measley 17 smackers you can receive a copy of the only magazine that matters (okay, the only magazine that sorta matters) sent directly to you. Imagine, $17 gets you a year's worth o' mags. Just think how jealous yer pals'll be when they find out you get* ***ETCH*** *sent to you direct!!! Sign up today!*

Oh yeah...if you'd like copies of ***ETCH #1*** *and* ***#2****, you can get 'em fer $1.50/ppd. Get 'em whilst they're still cheap, 'cause you know how those greedy collector types are. Fer any o' the above please make yer checks/money orders out to* ***ETCH Magazine****. You can also send well concealed cash, if you are feeling particularly trusting of US Postal employees. Plus you get free stickers with every purchase, so send fer yer stuff today!!!*

DATES:

MAY:

May 3rd:
MISERY INDEX/88 FINGERS
LOUIE/SERPICO Fireside Lanes Chicago
GOO GOO DOLLS/hHEAD St. Andrew's Hall Detroit

May 4th:
SIMON BONNEY/VOLEBEATS Magic Bag Ferndale
THE WAILERS Majestic Theater Detroit
CRASH WORSHIP St. Andrew's Hall Detroit
GREAT WHITE! The Ritz Roseville

May 5th:
CRASH WORSHIP/QUINTRON/LIMINAL Warehouse Nightclub Kalamazoo
RUDY RAY MOORE aka DOLOMITE Magic Bag Theatre Ferndale
MIKE WATT/HOVERCRAFT + more St. Andrew's Hall Detroit
NRBQ Blind Pig Ann Arbor
BIM SKALA BIM Majestic Theatre Detroit
DOKKEN The Ritz Roseville
MICHAEL COONEY Unitarian-Universalist Church East Lansing
THE EXPERIENCED/SLIK WILLY & THE INHAILERS DJ's Wayne

May 6th:
SLAUGHTER/ILLEGAL Harpo's Detroit (313)-824-1700
RUDY RAY MOORE aka DOLOMITE Magic Bag Theatre Ferndale
BIG CHIEF/HOARSE Blind Pig Ann Arbor
TRASH BRATS/FRETBUZZ Lili's 21 Hamtramck
GANGSTER FUN Falcon Hamtramck
THE EXPERIENCED/SLIK WILLY & THE INHAILERS DJ's Wayne

May 7th:
NRBQ The Small Planet East Lansing

May 8th:
RAILROAD JERK/TWISTER/FAT SAK Club Soda Kalamazoo

May 9th:
ST. JOHNNY/RADIAL SPANGLE The Shelter Detroit
THE ORGANIZATION "Savor the Flavor" CD release **(Metal Blade)**

May 10th:
HUM Underground Toledo, Ohio

May 11th:
BARKMARKET/KING TAMMY/THOUGHT INDUSTRY Club Soda Kalamazoo

May 12th:
K. McCARTY Zoot's Detroit
GANGSTER FUN/THE EXCEPTIONS The Ritz Roseville
THE EXPERIENCED/SLIK WILLY & THE INHAILERS DJ's Wayne

May 13th:
BACKDOORS/ILLEGAL The Ritz Roseville (810)-778-8150
JASON AND THE SCORCHERS Majestic Theatre Detroit
SALLY TIMMS with special guests Club Soda Kalamazoo
HOLY COWS/SLUG BUG Blind Pig Ann Arbor
PETS OR MEAT Griff's Grill Pontiac (810)-334-9292
THE EXPERIENCED/SLIK WILLY & THE INHAILERS DJ's Wayne

May 14th:
K. McCARTY The Green Room Ypsilanti

May 15th:
POSTER CHILDREN/twitch/FIGGS Club Soda Kalamazoo
THE VOLUPTUOUS HORROR OF KAREN BLACK The Shelter Detroit

May 16th:
CORDELIA'S DAD/FEED BAG Blind Pig Ann Arbor
DIE KRUPPS "Rings of Steel" CD release **(Cleopatra)**

May 17th:
NANCY SINATRA State Theater Detroit
GRAHAM PARKER Magic Bag Ferndale
SOME PEOPLE'S CHILDREN/BOTFLY Blind Pig Ann Arbor

May 18th:
BAD BRAINS/BEASTIE BOYS Cobo Arena Detroit
THE VOLUPTUOUS HORROR OF KAREN BLACK Reptile House Grand Rapids
MOTOR DOLLS CD release party Industry Pontiac
DISTORTED VIEW/SUBSIDENCE/COLD AS LIFE/REDFISH The Ritz Roseville

May 19th:
ALL St. Andrew's Hall Detroit
KITCHENS OF DISTINCTION The Ritz Roseville
MOTOR DOLLS CD release party Cross St. Station Ypsilanti

May 20th:
BIG DADDY KINSEY AND THE KINSEY REPORT Blind Pig Ann Arbor

May 22nd:
DANGERVILLE WILDCATS/THE URBAN FARMERS/THE DECONSTRUCTION Club Soda Kalamazoo

May 23rd:
FAITH NO MORE/STEEL POLE BATHTUB State Theater Detroit
DECORYAH "Wisdom Floats" CD release **(Metal Blade)**
X-COPS "You Have the Right to Remain Silent..." CD release **(Metal Blade)**
LISA CERBONE "Close Your Eyes" CD release **(Ichiban International)**

May 24th:
TONY BENNETT Fox Theater Detroit

May 25th:
BISHOP PRODUCTIONS - DETROIT LIVE AWARDS The Ritz Roseville
COME/LAUGHING HYENAS/HENRY & JUNE Blind Pig Ann Arbor
TONY BENNETT Fox Theater Detroit
UNIVERSAL STOMP The Ritz Roseville

May 26th:
THE JESUS LIZARD Rick's American Cafe East Lansing
KMFDM/DINK Phoenix Ampitheater
TONY BENNETT Fox Theater Detroit

May 27th:
HALF JAPANESE The Shelter Detroit
PJ HARVEY St. Andrew's Hall Detroit
WHITE ZOMBIE/MELVINS/REV. HORTON HEAT State Fairgrounds Detroit **TONY BENNETT** Fox Theater Detroit
THE JESUS LIZARD/JIHAD/IN OURSELVES Club Soda Kalamazoo
HARMS WAY/SLIDE OFF SATURN/FORGE Blind Pig Ann Arbor
Outdoor extravaganza at **Fox's Den** (in Perry) 7 bands including **BOTFLY**, plus a beer tent and a pig roast, all for only $10!

May 28th:
TONY BENNETT Fox Theater Detroit

May 30th:
CARPET KNIGHTS/BIG BLUE COUCH Blind Pig Ann Arbor

May 31st:
SALT CHUNK MARY/KING TAMMY Blind Pig Ann Arbor

Machinery/Dynamica May releases:
DIGITAL OCEAN "Trinity 3000" CD
COLLAPSED SYSTEM "Ghettoblaster" CD

Look for these releases in May:
GRIFTERS "Eureka" 10"/CD5 **(Shangri-La)** May 1
SIMPLE ONES "Worth the Weight" CD **(Shangri-La)** May 1
THE(E) SPEAKING CANARIES "Songs for the Terrestrially Challenged" Double LP/CD/CS **(Scat)** May 4
LOW "Long Division" **(Vernon Yard)** early May
JULE BROWN "The Legendary Magic of Jule Brown" CD **(No. 6)** May Watch for **FLYING SAUCER ATTACK** on their first U.S. tour this May and June.
SPECULA "Erupt" 12" picture disc/CD **(Scat)** early June

JUNE:

June 6th:
KING DIAMOND "Spider's Lullabye" CD release

June 10th:
KING CRIMSON Michigan Theater Ann Arbor (313)-668-8397

June 13th:
BEATS THE HELL OUT OF ME "Rolling Thunder" CD release

June 17th:
THE EXPERIENCED Alvin's Detroit

Machinery/Dynamica June releases:
VARIOUS ARTISTS "New Industries" CD

MUSIC NEWS:

Steve Albini is slated to start working in May on the new **FLESHTONES LP** due out in September on the **Ichiban International** label. **Albini** (ex-**BIG BLACK, RAPEMAN** and currently with **SHELLAC**) has worked in the past with **THE PIXIES, THE BREEDERS, BLUES EXPLOSION, PJ Harvey** and **NIRVANA**. This will be the third release for the **FLESHTONES** on an **Ichiban** imprint and first on the new **Ichiban International** label. This label is exclusively available in the United States through **CEMA** distribution.

Detroit punk rock band **THE SILLIES** received a letter from **John Peel**, one of **BBC Radio's** preeminent hosts for over 25 years. He requested a copy of their live album, **PUBLIC ENEMA NUMBER ONE**, for his show. Bands such as the **UNDERTONES, THE DAMNED, ROXY MUSIC** and **NEW ORDER** have all recorded special live sessions for **Peel's** show; some later released afterwards as **THE PEEL SESSIONS** records and CDs. In an unrelated matter, a French record label has contacted **THE SILLIES** about releasing their album on vinyl for the European market. The album, recorded live at **The Lab** in Ann Arbor, has been available previously on cassette only.

Marty Klotz, owner of Detroit's **Human Fly Records**, says to look for releases this summer by **FIREWORKS, HENRY & JUNE** and the **DETROIT COBRAS** on his label. The **ROCKET 455 7"** on **Human Fly** is now in it's second printing, this time on green wax. Word has it that East Lansing's **DOWN** will have a new 7" out sometime this summer.

Scott Sendra is also considering the possibility of starting a new magazine similar to his previous music mag **BONE DANCE**.

Lansing-based punk/noise outfit **BENDER** have changed their name to **MERGATROID** due to the fact that the name **BENDER** is currently being used by a number of bands throughout the US and the UK. Look for **MERGATROID** to tour in early June.

Look for a new release from Detroit's **TRAINS CAN'T STOP** followed by a 10 city Midwest tour.

Look for **KEVIN SALEM** and **WILCO** on tour together this spring and early summer.

Both **Michael Gira** and **Jarboe** of the **SWANS** will both be releasing solo albums in June on **Alternative Tentacles**. **Michael Gira's** book of short stories is due out in May on **Henry Rollins'** 2.13.61 publishing company.

-thanks to **Tara Murphy** and **Scott Campbell** for the info!

RECORD LABELS:

AMARILLO RECORDS P.O. Box 24433, San Francisco, CA 94124
AMPHETAMINE REPTILE RECORDS 2645 First Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55408
ART FIST RECORDS 233 Frankel Blvd. Merrick, N.Y. 11566.
BAR/NONE RECORDS P.O. Box 1704, Hoboken, NJ 07030
BURNT HAIR RECORDS P.O. Box 5519, Dearborn, MI 48128
BULB RECORDS P.O. Box 8221, Ann Arbor, MI 48107-8221
CAROLINE RECORDS 114 West 26th Street, New York, NY 10001
CENTURY MEDIA RECORDS 1453-A 14th Street #324, Santa Monica, California 90404
CHECKER RECORDS 1516 South Burdick Street, Kalamazoo, MI 49001
CHOKE, INC. 1376 West Grand, Chicago, IL 60622
CHOWDERHEAD RECORDS P.O. Box 130228, Ann Arbor, MI 48113-0228
CLEOPATRA/HYPNOTIC RECORDS 8726 South Sepulveda, Suite D-82, Los Angeles, California 90045
CONQUER THE WORLD RECORDS P.O. Box 40282, Redford, MI 48240
COP INTERNATIONAL 981 Aileen Street, Oakland, CA 94608
DRAG CITY RECORDS P.O. Box 476867, Chicago, IL 60647
DYNAMICA RECORDS 8721 Sunset Boulevard Suite #7, West Hollywood, California 90069
EARACHE RECORDS 295 Lafayette Street, Suite 915, New York, NY 10012 **EMPTY RECORDS** P.O. Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102
EX PUNK FACTO P.O. Box 6624, East Lansing, MI 48826
FAT WRECK CHORDS P.O. Box 460144, San Francisco, CA 94146
4AD P.O. Box 461599, Los Angeles, CA 90046-9599
FRONTIER RECORDS P.O. Box 22, Sun Valley, CA 91353
HONEY KING RECORDS P.O. Box 31, Romeo, MI 48065
HOPELESS RECORDS 5910 Ventura Boulevard, 11th Floor, Encino, California 91436-2804
ICHIBAN INTERNATIONAL RECORDS 3991 Royal Drive NW, Kennesaw, Georgia 30144
ICON RECORDS P.O. Box 1746, Royal Oak, MI 48068
ILLEGITIMATE NOISE POB 276 Carleton, Mi. 48117INITIAL RECORDS P.O. Box 251145, West Bloomfield, MI 48325
INVISIBLE RECORDS P.O. Box 16008, Chicago, IL 60616
LUV-IT R LEV-IT 3807 North Hollister #2, Ovid, MI 48866 attn: **Hoshman**
MAGNOLIA RECORDS 118 South Main Box 163, Ann Arbor, MI 48104
MARCH RECORDS P.O. Box 578396, Chicago, IL 60657
MATADOR RECORDS 676 Broadway, New York, NY 10012
METAL BLADE RECORDS, INC. 2345 Erringer Road, Suite 108, Simi Valley, California 93065-2200
NEW RED ARCHIVES P.O. Box 210501, San Francisco, CA 94121
NIKT NIC NIE WIE P.O. Box 224, 41-900 Bytom, Poland
NO LIE RECORDS 2118 Guadalupe #216, Austin, TX 78705
PUNKITY ROCKITY RECORDS P.O. Box 6014, East Lansing, MI 48826
REGRESSION RECORDS 22043 Rein, Eastpointe, MI 48021
RESTLESS RECORDS 1616 Vista Del Mar Avenue, Hollywood, CA 90028
RHINO RECORDS INC. 10635 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90025-4900
ROADRUNNER RECORDS 536 Broadway, New York, NY 10012
SACRO EGOISMO c/o Tiberiju, Schelleing 39/24, A-1040 Vienna, Austria
SCHOOLKID'S RECORDS 523 East Liberty, Ann Arbor, MI 48104 **SEED RECORDS** 14 East 60th Street, 8th Floor, New York, NY 10022
SHIMMY-DISC/SHIMMY-BOOT/KOKOPOP JAF Box 1187, New York NY 10116
SKILLET RECORDS P.O. Box 8291, Ann Arbor, MI 48107
SYMPATHY FOR THE RECORD INDUSTRY 4901 Virginia, Long Beach, California 90805
TAMPER RECORDS #2 Bloor Street West, Suite 100, P.O. Box 120, Toronto, Ontario M4W 3E2 Canada
TOUCH AND GO RECORDS P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625
TRAGIC LIFE RECORDS P.O. Box 060623, SI, NY 10306
UPSTART RECORDS P.O. Box 44-1418, West Somerville, MA 02144
YIKES! RECORDS/DISTRIBUTION P.O. Box 4933, East Lansing, MI 48826
YOUTH RENDITION RECORDS P.O. Box 34372, Detroit, MI 48234
ZAHMBEE-KARLT/GmbH/DEUTSCHLAND RECORDS P.O. Box 682, Birmingham, Michigan 48012-0682

BAND ADDRESSES:

BATTERIE ACID 284 Silman, Ferndale, MI 48220-2509
BOTFLY P.O. Box 4848, East Lansing, MI 48823
CHOKEBORE P.O. Box 4599, Culver City, CA 90231
CLAWHAMMER c/o **Urchin Management** P.O. Box 16606, Seattle, WA 98116
THE CYNICS P.O. Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317
DEAD VOICES ON AIR 3486 West Second Avenue, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada V6R 1J2
GODZUKI 49625 Romeo Plank Road, Macomb, MI 48044
GRAVITY WAX 4670 East 10 Mile Road, Warren, MI 48091
GRAVITY WAX 20464 Law, Trenton, MI 48183
HARMS WAY 113 Felch Street, Ann Arbor, MI 48103-3329
JARVIS 110 West Albert Street #1, Adrian, MI 49221
KUSTOMIZED c/o Working Media 162 Columbus Avenue, Boston, MA 02116
THE MAGIC DRAGON P.O. Box 43805, Detroit, MI 48243-43805
MEPHISTO WALZ 1030 Post Street, #508, San Francisco, CA 94109
MOTOR DOLLS P.O. Box 1014, Royal Oak, MI 48068
OLD SPICE c/o **Mimi's** 7504 Yacht East, Warren, MI 48091
PAGAN MUSIK P.O. Box 55601, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
PANDA 763 Capp Street, San Francisco, CA 94110
PHILO BEDDOW 118 South Main Box 163, Ann Arbor, MI 48104
SINCOLA 3323 Hemlock Avenue, Austin, TX 78722
SONIC DEATH FAN CLUB P.O. Box 1599, Hoboken, NJ 07030
TIGER 100 c/o **Westside Laundrymat** 910 West Huron, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48103
UNCARVED BLOCK 373 Shangri-La Circle, Plainwell, MI 49080
WELD 2543 North 55th Street, Omaha, NE 68104